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**DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE**

FOR 1931

By

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
For 1931



An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People



Thirteenth Annual Edition



ILLUSTRATED



Edited by
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS, M.D.

Member Poetry Society of America.
Member [Hon.] Kentucky Folk-Lore Society
Member [Hon.] Poetry Society of Alabama
Member the Writer's Club.



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by FRANK P. DAVIS

Reference

FOREWORD

This is the Thirteenth Annual Edition of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse; the Barometer of Public Sentiment and of the reaction of our people to current events.

The subjects that seemed to interest the people throughout the country were: The death of Edison, the prohibition question, the financial depression and unemployment. The love of flowers and animals were important themes. For the first time in thirteen years the dog lost first place as the leader of animals, the horse proving more popular this year. The dahlia and the rose were the favored flowers, while the sparrow and the wren were the most popular birds.

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS.

To my old friends Henry Polk Lowenstein,
Charles A. Heath and Arthur Goodenough,
who have been represented in each edition,
I again dedicate this book.

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Our Sovereign Tenant



A thrifty sparrow bent to build her nest,
Sought some fair building site in earnest quest.
Her final choice, displayed with judgment keen,
Fell on our house, which has a boxwood screen.
We know not what her birdish, wise intent,
But choice of us we deem a compliment.
That you may know—a fact of little boast—
That boxwood hedge runs to our lintel post,
And marks a path from road to entrance door,
Which vital point our bird seemed to ignore;
For she then claimed, indifferent to our right,
The hedge at entrance door as building site.
And thus two homes were daintily united.
Our busy tenant seemed so oft affrighted
When ingress and our exits through that door
Disturbed the timid squatter evermore.
The home complete, so spick and new
A tiny, speckled egg appeared—then two—
Then three—then four, each egg a perfect match,
Where'pon our guest in earnest 'gan to hatch.
But traffic through that door, with no surcease,
Conduces little to a birdish peace!
Whene'er the portals oped, our bird, quite wary,
Flew to a neighb'ring tree as sanctuary.
Now, who is he with mind so hard and narrow
Who would deny the rights of nesting sparrow?
Potential Motherhood must give appeal
To him whose heart is not composed of steel!
And so our visitor day after day
Holds o'er our freedom autocratic sway.
Mid rain, mid wind, mid all the daily din,
She sits her nest and guards the eggs within,
While on tip-toes we e'er the front door shun,
That she complete God's mission well begun.



And while she sits and broods each worried day
And guards her trust, with calmest undismay,
We trammelled are; but never shall deplore
The sign which reads: "Please use the Kitchen Door!"
For we admit (and this beyond a doubt),
In homestead claims that little bird won out,
Who sits and now surveys the world at peace,
Without a deed or e'en a short-term lease.
And she well knows (which thought our heart delights),
Her brood inherits her prescriptive rights!
Hence we obey, with love of fullest store,
That sign supreme, "Please use the Kitchen Door!"
Oh, happy bird, I hear your gladsome lay
Right at my door. Do you to me convey
Some tidings rare? What joy in chirps and frolic,
As if our world were never melancholic—
As if no grief, no sorrow and no pain
Could e'er exist within your bird-domain!
Ah, 'tis not hard, 'spite my poor human vision,
To see performed your simple Nature's mission,
As if responsive to that Guiding Hand
Which sways the universe by His strong wand.
And who is he with vision blunt and narrow,
Who sees no miracle in a nesting sparrow—
A miracle, whose God-born, wond'rous might
Reveled is in your nest or planet's flight.
Who could be dull to sermons which you teach,
Far greater than by those ordained to preach,
For you, God-guided, enabled us to see
The evolution of a mystery!
And I recall, a few brief days ago
You were so busy flitting to and fro,
And built your nest right at the very edge
Where entrance door met with our boxwood hedge.
Respect for your ornithologic lore
Compelled the sign, "Please use the Kitchen Door!"
And gave you rights of eminent domain
To which our household yielded under pain
Of censure. At last we spied of eggs just four,
And barred was further use of that front door,
That you be not affrighted. Hence we waited,
Day after day, with interest unabated
With household ever watchful, ever keen,
But yet enjailed, as if in quarantine.
And lo! Today we peeped. Four little heads,
All bills, all eyes unoped, as one who dreads
This wicked world, lay in that tiny nest,
A-snuggled, all in their fuzzy gown endressed.
Ah, now we know your cause for gladsome lay
Which greeted us this happy natal day.
We, too, dear bird, are in a happy mood,
And give our blessings to your downy brood.



At night we watched the storm-clouds sadly bring
 Torrential rains, but your palladial wing
 Brought shelter to your brood, so soft and warm,
 From every menace of the lurid storm.
 Thus your example of a lofty duty,
 Enriches life with an exalted beauty.
 But hark our plea—on us have simple pity,
 Restore to us "the freedom of our city."
 Let joyous warblings from your throat e'er pour,
 For soon maternal duties shall be o'er,
 So grant us usage, please, of our front door!
 A solemn hush pervades the unstirred air,
 And anxious chirps betray our sparrow pair,
 Who, most forlorn, hop aimless and distressed
 About their vacant erstwhile family nest,
 Where yesterday a silent, hopeful brood
 Had stirred their hearts in joyous parenthood.
 But now? How futile seems their anguished quest
 Before their empty nest—their empty nest!
 What is the mystery of the fateful night?
 Had some marauding prowler caused a blight
 To fall upon this scene? Alas!
 A tragedy intense had come to pass,
 And robbed our sun of a resplendent ray,
 For we had lost our dainty-protoges,
 Who ere their time fell victims of attack,
 Within their cozy, sheltered bivouac.
 Oh, birdies, we our sympathy outpour,
 And sadly now make use of our front door!



*The Jersey Observer, Hoboken, N. J.
 Aug. 11, 1931.*

Herman A. Heydt.

(THE MORN.

Arise, my soul! The shadows now are fleeting;
See thou the beauty that comes with the morn;
Behold the sun, as his glorious greeting
Is shed upon earth when a new day is born.

A symbol of hope to weary and saddened,
An emblem of faith to the pained and grieved;
The heart beats high when by his light gladdened,
And rays forth the love that his coming retrieved.

So long as the sun appears in the heavens
Retain we the faith in our powers to win,
Hold fast to hope, to courage that leavens,
Proclaiming that weakness is surely a sin.

The sun of the spirit will drive away sorrow,
Diffusing to others the beauties we see,
If only we gaze with hope on the morrow
And stand in our majesty noble and free.

*The Athol (Mass.) Transcript. Edwin Gordon Lawrence.
Sept. 30, 1931.*

A RAMBLE REVERIE.

I wandered up the hills today
Amidst the leafy wood;
I heard the bird notes singing say
Revere thy Motherhood.

I walked the winding path alone
Beneath an azure sky;
I sought the limits of the Known
That all about me lie.

I wandered 'neath the laden trees
Along the winding stream;
I drank the nectar of the breeze
And fed the finny bream.

I heard the caroling of birds
Along the mountain way
More thrilling than a song of words
That always seemed to say:

Remember Him who gave thee breath,
Who wrought thee from the dust;
Make Him thy rendezvous in death
With an abiding trust.

The Bella Vista (Ark.) Breeze. Henry Coffin Fellow.

IN MY GARDEN.

I steal from other tasks each day
A few brief moments; these I give
To my loved garden, for my heart
Whispers to me, "Work, love and live!"

I gather rocks and free the loam
To give cramped roots a chance to grow.
I make a trellis for a vine
To anchor when the storm winds blow.

I prune dead wood from shrub and tree
That they may blossom freely, strong—
I make a little robin house
From which to reap a golden song.

I strip the buds from many a plant
To make a richer, finer bloom,
I separate the lily roots
To give them life and space and room.

I coax the frail Verbena flowers
To light their flames of crimson, blue—
I set the fountain water loose
That it may serve as crystal dew.

And suddenly . . . my garden seemed
A rainbow glittering in the sun . . .
And in my ear a voice spake low:
"Behold what wonders God has done!"

The Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

June 19, 1931.

Mary Pollard Tynes.

EGYPT.

Egypt! Where men carved their dreams in stone
To leave them scattered on the Nile
Enveiled in desert sands, long ages blown,
And crumbling beneath a cryptic smile.

Egypt! Where still the fragile loti blow
In splendor on fair, somnolent waves,
Though proud pharaohs and Cleopatras know
Scant homage in their pilfered caves.

The Birmingham (Ala.) News.

May 6, 1931.

Lucie Gill Price.

VESTAVIA'S ROSES.

We stole into a kingdom,
The rose ruled there as queen;
Mid subjects from all countries,
She stood alone, supreme.

And was it lover's eyes, nought else
That saw a rainbow rare;
And did it beckon to us,
That we were welcomed there?

Then as we crept up closer,
Before our eyes did glean;
The beauty of that rainbow,
In the raiment of the queen.

The sun had lent its crimson
To this robe of every hue.
Each star that fell at night,
Upon the cloth a pattern drew.

But tho lovers, we were human,
And the hidden gold we'd find.
'Twas not in her pearly necklace,
In the keeper's heart, a Shrine.

The Birmingham (Ala.) News.
Nov., 1931.

Minna Roobin.

HER SHAWL.

How strange it is that a frail strip of silk
Endures, for years on years,
When all the radiant loveliness of her
Has turned to dust! O swift, hot tears,
Without restraint you well, from heart to eyes,
And in a rush of sorrow, fall
Upon this thing that knew her soft embrace,
This gold, and poppy-flowered shawl.

So much a part of her it seems,
I lay my lips against its folds:
It brings the whiteness of her bosom back,
And all the fragrance of her body, holds.

The Birmingham (Ala.) Post.
November 21, 1931.

Ellen M. Carroll.

YOUNG GESTURE.

It was in Mexico, the fearless land
Of ready gesture from the heated heart,
Not very difficult to understand
Or to admire—the dauntlessness—in part.
Manuel Lopez, minstrel, entering
A cabaret, strummed out a mourning tune
On his guitar. "Must you so sadly sing?"
They asked the lad . . . who should have sung of June.

"My spirit droops tonight," he answered them.
They gave him dole of wine. He dropped within
(And it was near the day of Bethlehem)
A tablet,—the forgetfulness of sin
And all earth's grief. "This is to clear my song.
"Your health!" He passed, who had not known earth long.
The Boston (Mass.) Herald. *Isabel Fiske Conant.*
Jan. 5, 1931.

THE DREAM O' SCONE

A ballad of the Scottish Nationalists, St. Andrew's Day, 1931

We heard Auld Albainn greetin'
Yon times her patriots lost;
Croon, language, tartan banished
At sich a direful cost
Yet kent wha'd met Phoenician host;
Ootlived the Druid Law;
Wha'd seen the sails o' Cesar set
Wad never wede awa'
The while her leal tak' silent aith
On ancient dirk, sair met:
At the Richt Oor we'll keep the Tryste,
Dinna Forget!
'Twas yon wha built sae weel wi' France
Oor Lady o' the Snaws.
The Michty o' the Anzacs are
The Children o' the Cause,
Columbia hears on Southern hill
The Gaelic, Accent fa';
Remembers aye the plaided clan
That settled Pembina.

Short syne there gleamed 'thwart Celtic sky
 A star—His o' the Isles.
 The sea screamed tae the crags aroon';
 The bens waur bathed in smiles.
 Of grand auld Sept—nae renegade
 Their boast in truce or fray—
 Hoo could proud Caledonia dream
 He'd learnt the lines, "Betray"?
 The bleezin' token gaes the roon'
 Whaure'er her ain are met.
 List tae the slogan sound again:
 Dinna Forget!

And—
 'Tis said he sold Auld Albainn;
 The Sassanach lads as weel—
 When the Norlan lift is lowerin'
 We're glad oor clans are leal!
 And—'tis said he burnt the Fiery Cross
 Tae save the Brunswick throne—
 Hear ye the rumblin' on the Clyde
 And sense the Dream o' Scone.
 We'll ca' the grand uprising
 The Dawning o' the Day;
 They'll spell it REVOLUTION
 As it sweeps the strath and brae.
 Ye needna' fear for bluidshed, lads,
 See, tyrant, traitor yield!
 'Twull be Saint Andra's Langsyne Isle
 Wi' each his cot and field.
 Re-opened the Auld Parliament—
 We'll bind them wi' a lease,
 The Bonnie Celtic Countries
 In a FEDERATED PEACE.
 The standard owre Dunedin
 Blots oot the aulden shame
 And Scotland at Geneva
 Wull never name his name.

The Botteneau (N. D.) Courant. *Flora Cameron Burr.*

CAMPERS ON THE TRAIL.

We are campers on the trail
Of the pioneers of yore ;
We are campers on the trail
Of men who went before ;
We can see the ashes dead
Where their watch-fires flickered red,
But they answer to no hail
And their battle days are o'er.

We are campers on the trail,
Of the mighty and the strong ;
We shall tarry for a night
But we shall not tarry long ;
But shall vanish soon away,
From the dusty road as they,
And the hand forget its cunning
And the heart forget its wrong !

We are campers on the trail,—
Merely campers on the trail,—
Soon we'll shift our habitations,
Soon our watch-fires will be pale ;
And the four great winds of God
Bear o'er all the earth abroad
The dust that bears our foot-prints
'Till it tells no more a tale !

We are campers on the trail,
Only campers on the trail,
Where the ancient perils threaten
And the Dark Ones prevail ;
At the dawning of the day
We shall rise and go our way
Toward the Goal that beckons ever
In the distance proud—and pale.

We are campers on the trail
Leading out to the unknown ;
To the shadow-peopled land
Map or chart has ever shown ;
Where there shines no star nor sun
Where the nights are one,
And the concord is unbroken
For the storms do not assail !

We are campers on the trail
Choked with dust and parched with heat,
Where the mighty storms assail
And the wing of tempest beat;
Still the dawn of every day,
Sees us farther on our way,
And we dream, in desert places
Of a haven green and sweet!

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

This noble square enthralls my inmost soul,
By its great beauty and great memories,
Both which it wears as gift and aureole
Of mellowing age and long-dead centuries:
For it is hallowed, and it strives to tell
Of anguished yester-years that it once knew,
When on its heart the best and noblest fell,
Hurtled to death, those whom the Terror slew.
Yet, with the empictured woes it shrines away,
Gleams a bright vision which shall never pale,
Of one whose life had been too utter gay,
Still at the end, whose courage did not quail—
That fragile Lady, who was more than Queen,
Mounting at last! Death's Throne—the Guillotine!
The Birmingham (Ala.) Post. Fr. Charles J. Quirk, S. J.
"Southern Poets."

THE APPLE VENDER.

Tall and lanky, with a toil-bent back,
Wool turning grey but a face still black,
Knotted fingers on a knotted cane,
Voice persuasive like an old refrain:
"Heah's yo' apples, de v'y bes' kin',
Full ob flavoh an' dey sho' is fine."
Old Lewis stands in the sun and rain,
Proud and happy at the slightest gain.
"Dey's unemployed. Kaint yo' find some use
Foh dese red apples dat's full ob juice?
Dey's whut yo' want an' de price ain't high.
Come on, people. Now's de time to buy."

The Bracken County (Ky.) News.

March 26, 1931.

Ruth Winslow Gordon.

THE SAD CUCKOO.

When summer fields are gayly green,
And summer skies are blithely blue,
And daisies everywhere are seen
Then clearly cries the sad cuckoo.

When clover blossoms red and white,
When violets the meadow strew,
And yellow cowslips greet the sight,
'Tis then is heard the sad cuckoo.

While all the world is bright and glad—
A goodly place to journey through—
And nothing else on earth seems sad
Forlornly cries the cuckoo.

Sometimes I hear him on the hill,—
Sometimes within the vale he sings,—
And, sometimes by the pasture rill
I see his brown ascending wings.

But cries he east or cries he west,
In twilight gray or noon-day flame,
A ceaseless sorrow fills his breast—
His theme is evermore the same.

Whichever way he wings his flight
A grief obsessing follows too.
I hear him, even as I write,
Announce his woes the sad cuckoo!

The lark, the linnet and the thrush
Alike are jubilant of soul
Not so this tenant of the bush
Whose very song doth brief control.

The barb that stings his quivering flesh
Nor change nor season can subdue;
Each day his bosom bleeds afresh
And still he cries, the sad cuckoo.

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

THE PEACE.

O woman! under the green coverlet—
Tears dried—questions answered or forgot,
I envy you; and yet—I do not wish to share
Your peace in that sequestered spot.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Lucie Gill Price.

THE BARNYARD IN SPRING.

When the birds begin a singin' in the spring of thirty-one
And the sap begins a flowin' from the maples in the run;
The colts just can't keep quiet in the barnyard back up
home,

Their winter coats a-sheddin', the black one and the roan.
The rooster mounts the dung pile and crows his challenge
loud;

He's monarch of the barnyard; it's spring, and he is proud.
You can hear the old ewe bleating for her baby lamb, her
own;

You get a heap of livin' in the barnyard back up home.
You get a heap of livin'; you get back where things be-
gin—

The greatest place I know of is a barnyard in the spring.
The old cow stands a-scratchin' 'gainst the gate post in
the wall;

The old black mare's a kickin' the partition in her stall;
The snow is fast a meltin' and the ground is oozin' wet;
It's time to shake the homespun, at the woodpile how you
sweat.

How good the things you're eatin' tastes around this time
of year;

Just kinda seems inside you that you've shifted to high
gear;

And you feel you want to do things; you wish 'twas time
to plough;

The barnyard in the springtime just gives you life some-
how.

You never get these feelin's no other place on earth
But the State that I was born in, and I'm grateful for my
birth.

No, you only get these feelin's, the smells, the mud, the
sun

In a barnyard in the springtime, in Vermont, at twenty-
one.

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press. M. Lowth Carrigan.

THE KING'S VENGEANCE.

Author's note: This picture is not overdrawn; it is an historic fact that at the Restoration the body of Oliver Cromwell was exhumed by the relentless Cavaliers, hanged up on a gibbet, afterward drawn and quartered, and after being subjected to nameless insult finally burned.

In grey Westminster's aisles is heard
The tramp of many feet
And losel laugh and ribald jest
The sacred silence greet.

Upon that solemn silence falls
The foul profaners treated;
The Cavalier has come to wreak
His Vengeance on the dead.

"Drag forth the traitor's dastard dust!"
Cried Charles's carrion crew,
And bring the face of him we hate
Again unto our view.

"Let us behold the tyrant's hand,
The tyrant's cursed brow;
He made us tremble whilst he lived—
We do not fear him now!

"Out with the cursed carrion—out!"
Shrieked the hyena crew
"The ax, the gibbet and the fire
Shall have at last their due.

"He who in time of peril dared
To slay our Sovereign's sire,
Shall for his sacreligious deed
Be made to feel our ire!"

Straightway within that holy fane
Were spade and mattock plied,
And from his sepulchre they drew
The dauntless regicide.

Full well that hated form they knew,
Full well that hated face,
For neither form nor feature showed
Corruption's hideous trace.

(A mystery too deep and vast
For mortals to explain;
The searching finger of decay
Thereon had not been lain!)

With brutal hands and brutal words,
From consecrated earth
Into the light of noon they drew
The great Protector forth.

Some shuddered sorely at the sight;
Some trembling turned away;
Whilst others, baser hearted spurned
The dead man's helpless clay.

Some spat on him, some tore his hair,
And then, O, crowning shame
To everlasting fire consigned
His soul and self and name!

"I hope for all his guilt" said Charles
"The villain suffers sore."
"Be sure," the servile primate said
"He burns forevermore."

"'Tis well—'Tis well!" the King exclaimed
And joy was in his breast;
"And may in Hell he darkly dwell
With neither hope nor rest."

"May water be the chiefest thing
That he doth now desire;
And may each drop that he would sup
Be turned to liquid fire!"

Then like a felon to his doom
The hero forth they bore,
And whilst the rabble, scurf and scum
Set up a horrid roar,—

And whilst the air was foul with words
That decency disdains,
Upon a gibbet black and grim
They hanged his corpse in chains.

Then from his resting place again
They tore the dead man down
And in the loud applauding crowd
They dragged him thro' the town.

And every wanton, bully, pimp,
Rake—hell and thievish cur
With gestures mean and speech obscene
Derided Oliver!

To him, in life both power and rank
Had fittingly belonged;
But 'round the lion's lifeless form
The yelping jackals thronged.

And many a craven, who in life
Had looked on him with dread,
With all the coward's brutal rage
Insulted him when dead.

And many a foeman who had quailed
His eagle eye to meet
With rising exultation joined
The tumult in the street.

(Ah, ne'er again shall England see
The like of such a day;
And ne'er again shall Englishmen
Give so their passions play.

And ne'er again shall human wrath
On clay be visited;
And ne'er again the living stoop
To warfare with the dead.)

And when the dreadful deed was done
Inflamed with lust and guilt
Above the mutilated dead
A funeral pyre was built.

The torch was plied; the kindling wood
By fire and smoke was riven
And like a chariot of fire
The flames went up to heaven.

The sky grew dark; the West wind blew
His ashes all abroad;
And on the sacreligious scene
Looked down the watching God.

*The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press. Arthur Goodenough.
'The Minstrels' Arena.'*

GRAY PATTERN.

Though I have studied the pattern of your life
And loved to trace the bright and dark brocade.
Before I can know all your moods, you go—
Leaving me to the gray pattern of years,
Leaving me unfulfilled.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Clifford Gessler.
'Choir Practice,' Sept. 11, 1931.*

REVERIE.

In a motley old garden I pondered the while,
Drowsily dreaming of other days
As the silhouettes danced down each sylvan-like aisle,
As the shadows cotillioned in olden-day style;
Lightly tripped down this flowery maze.

Mellow memories and fantasies clasped in embrace,
Wheeling and whirling in sheer delight,
Seemed to touch my heart in its tenderest place,
Seemed to poignantly touch it with springtly-smooth grace,
Then mistily fade into night.

Leaving only the loneliness silence can bring,
Leaving not even a pantomime,
Nor the sylvan amours that azaleas might sing.
List! a chime cleaves the air.
Whence this fine gliding ring?
St. Michael's is chanting a rhyme.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.

James Percival Petit.

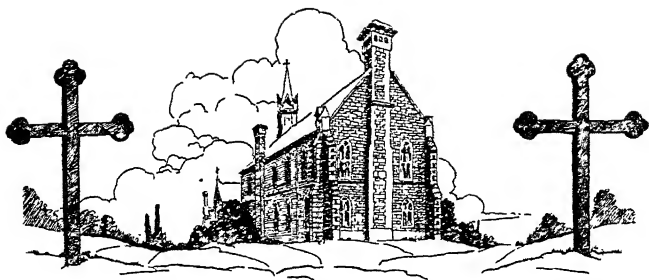
"Choir Practice," July 10, 1931.

BURMA.

I have not been to Burma, do not know
Its silent ecstasy, its perfumed ways;
But I have felt when east winds blow,
Magic of Assam's heights, of Mandalay's
Soft beauty, temple gardens and pale flowers,
Brought fresh from sacred waters, to a shrine.
And I have dreamed in sweet enchanted hours,
The east wind's message, held that it was mine.
I may not travel where the junk sails slip,
In easy, trackless manner, down warm seas.
I may know Burma only when a ship
Of dreams comes on exotic straying breeze.
But I have heard your song, read Pali's lore,
Its tropic nights are mine—its silver shore.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.
"Home Talk Section."

Frances M. Lipp.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI VISITS NEW MELLERAY ABBEY

Down the paved trail, where restless world-folk dwell,
This sainted traveler came and saw the walls
Of the gray abbey . . . heard the clanging bell—
An old monk met him in the cloistered halls
To bid him welcome; brought him fruit and bread
And showed him where the purple grapes were grown;
Showed him the stables where the herd was fed
And the far knolls where winter wheat was sown.

“Oh, Gentle Saint, what think you of our ways?”
The old lay brother asked the holy friar:
“Here is the way we pass our span of days—
Striving by prayer to lift our spirits higher.”
The Good Saint knelt and made a low reply:
“Even must I,” he answered gently, “Even must I.”



The Catholic Tribune.

Jay G. Sigmund.

TO A LADY.

It's not your happy smile, dear,
That makes me love you so,
Though it's beaming all the while, dear,
Wherever you may go.

It's not your gentle eyes, dear,
So warmly brown and true,
Though they help me to surmise, dear,
The kindness that you do.

I think it is your heart, dear,
You give to all you know,
That forms the deepest part, dear,
Of what makes me love you so!

The Catholic Transcript.
Feb. 12, 1931.

Vera Keevers Smith.

CAROLINA WREN.

Cheer-leader, joy-bringer, optimist lyrical,
Lilting from low limb to low limb along,
Where in your tiny frame, brown-feathered miracle,
Hold you concealed that tornado of song?

Power of Niagara pent in molecule!
Vibrant with sweetness and clearer than flame—
Broken the chains of frost's cold, melancholy rule
By the bright spell of that buoyant acclaim.

Brave winter singer, undaunted by cheerlessness,
Casting your challenge upon the chill air,
Thanks be to God for your gay, gallant fearlessness—
Valiant defiance, frustrating despair!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
November 13, 1931.

Eleanor M. Denny.

THE SAD FROG.

A luckless minstrel dared to love
A princess. In great ire
She banished him, but could not quell
His nocturne of desire.

Dressed still in motley, green and cream,
Hunched, sad and cold and wet,
He sings beneath a topaz moon
For he cannot forget.

The Chicago Daily News.
"Hit or Miss," May 12, 1931.

Lila Terry.

KEY ON THE MANTELPIECE.

There was a key on the mantelpiece
That night that you came home with me,
To share the firelight.
I laughed, and said it was the key to my heart.
But after you had gone
I was afraid to look,
Lest I should find that key.
And so I waited 'til the firelight died,
And went to bed,
Gropingly.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.
"Choir Practice," Oct. 9, 1931.

Jo Smith.

NOW IN THE EVENING.

Now in the evening, down a misty lane
The homeward journey, the familiar path
Long ago traveled in quixotic wrath
Against imagined windmills; now again
The patient oak, the rocks that entertain
With moss-mute history, the road that hath,
Returning, consolation's aftermath.
For the knight-errant wanderlust and pain.

We, who went nonchalantly forth, return
With drooping feather and dragging lance
And ashamed eyes at this recovered past.
Yet in our gaze the setting sun will burn
With an old joy, renewed, as we advance
Into first haven and our happy last.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Benjamin Musser.
Nov. 14, 1931, "Choir Practice."

SUNFLOWERS.

(Triolet)

Royal lovers of the sun,
Lifting up their shields of gold,
Arrayed in dusty splendor every one;
Royal lovers of the sun,
Their flaming pageantry begun,
High and eager carnival they hold—
Royal lovers of the sun,
Lifting up their shields of gold.

The Christian Science Monitor. Maude de Verse Newton.

WINTER IN THE MAGNOLIA-GARDENS.

These fallow gardens, now denuded—
By winter's mandate, know the tread
Of April's ghost; but overhead,
Valiant magnolias have eluded
Destruction, and still malachite,
Stir crisply in the fading light.

Beneath their crowns of spectral moss
The cypress trees stand gaunt and bare
In sullen water. Everywhere
Are naked boughs to attest the loss
Of rainbow-color. Coiled within
The jungle, tortuous as sin,

Wistaria's knotted tendons twine
In nude severity. How gray
And desolate they writhe and sway!
Reflected in the saturnine
Lagoon, a chalky sycamore
Creaks weirdly as a restless door.

No loveliness remains to make
The wonderland which April knew—
Azalea-bordered avenue,
Wistaria-scent; but let us break
A spray from some inactive bush
Where crimson petals blazed in lush

Abandon. See, the stalk is green
And sturdy. Beauty is asleep
Within this shell, but she shall leap
With magic from her poor demesne
And cover every branch and tree
With miracles for drapery.

Her listening acolytes shall hear
A song of many-colored notes
Arise from tiny flower-throats
As winter's banners disappear.
This dormant spot shall know rebirth
When Proserpine revisits earth.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Louise Crenshaw Ray.*
"Choir Practice," Jan. 9, 1931.

YVONNE.

Remembering our loved Yvonne,
We spoke in whispered words as though
She might be listening and guess
That our hearts ached with loneliness
For her who would not wish it so—
A fragile flower, so quickly gone . . .

"Her hands were lovely pouring tea,"
Mused Jerry, but I knew that he
Would soon find other loveliness
To satisfy his fickle heart's distress.

"To think of Spring without her here!"
And Jules, the youngest, hid a tear.
But Time would take his grief away
And give him Spring again some day.

"My songs, it seems, have died with her—
No music . . . only a dismal blur."
And Tony's fingers skimmed the keys
In search of hidden melodies. . .

Before the slowly dying flame
For hours, or so it seemed to me,
Each of us sat remembering;
But Memory is a cruel thing,
And I who loved her tenderly—
I could not even speak her name.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Martha Lyman Shillito.
"Choir Practice," Dec. 11, 1931.

WILD GEESE ON WING AT NIGHT.

The seasons crowd impatiently, and soon
Shall Winter step on Autumn's fraying hem;
Tonight the mellow light of harvest moon
Limns silhouettes of naked bough and stem.

Now, phantom-like, a drift of shadows pass
Before the surface of Night's silvered glass—
Gray shadows vocal with the eerie cry
Of wild geese, wedge-shaped, cleaving ether waves
And arrowing south across the somber sky.

Wild geese! Who has not sailed on eager wing
From barren, winter dreams to some fair spring?

The Christian Science Monitor. Winnie Lynch Rockett.

THROUGH NILE PROFUSION.

With flower-mad lanes running through Nile profusion
Of waking field, look, this is a day of wonder.
Scars of winter and wounds of dissolution
Are bound by creeping vines and bandaged under
Healing herb roots. Now in the wine-gold air
We are awake and astir and alive again;
We have put off our age-old pain,
And death is not anywhere.

Let us be pertly proud as that tree, whose slender
Branches preen themselves in a feather bonnet.
Forgetting the long dark winter, let us surrender
Utterly to this day, and cast upon it
Melting emotion. Now, with the running strong
Of sap in our veins, and love in our hearts, let lift
Our praise down flower-mad lanes, where drift
Blossoms of wakened song.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Benjamin Musser.
"Choir Practice," Aug. 14, 1931.*

A BOWL OF YELLOW ROSES.

A bowl of yellow roses, bouyant, bright,
Sends out its curving sprays of lacy leaves.
Through lovely patterns, which the sunlight weaves,
The golden buds raise heads in sheer delight,
And wonder, at the purple shadowed sight.
One bud within the opaque bowl now grieves,
Another to the rounded jade rim cleaves,
With all the eagerness of slender might.

The leaves are like green froth the wind has blown,
In wisps of delicate, entrancing form
Along the stems, all thorny, brown and blurred.
Such wonder in each rounded petal shown!
So at the mercy of a sudden storm—
Gold roses, poised as graceful as a bird.

*The Chicago Daily News. Clara Edmunds Hemingway.
"Hit or Miss," July 11, 1931.*

PRICE'S MISSOURI RAID.

Ole Pap Price is er stahtin' on er raid
An' us Mizzouah Niggahs is boun' t' be afraid—
Sweet Jesus mus' save;
Little 'Jo Shelby rides hiz big mustang.
De cannun go wham and de pistuls go bang—
Sweet Jesus mus' save;
De rebs dey yell and de guns sho' rattle—
Bad Bill And'son's goin' into battle—
Sweet Jesus fly down!

Now heah come dat Gin'rul Ma'maduke—
Ah need Saint Paul and mebbby Saint Luke —
Sweet Jesus staht yo' wings;
Heah comes Cunnel Perkins on hees ole mule,
Hit switches hit's tail an' kicks lak a fool—
Sweet Jesus now come;
Fo' de wood am full of de bad bushwhackahs
Shootin' off sumpin' lak big fiahcrackahs—
Sweet Jesus come erlong!

Dey say Jeff Davis need a lot o' mo' men,—
Old Pap Price 'ill git a millyun an' ten—
Sweet Jesus on high;
Down on Centralia swoop Gene Quant'ell
Ridin' an' shootin' an' yellin' lak hell—
Sweet Jesus come er runnin';
Price swing up de rivah an' mash down de Dutch—
Ah fink we Niggahs am in de Debbil's clutch—
Sweet Jesus mus' 'save!

Dey say old Pap kain't hahdly see,
But he fights lak hell fo' Rob'ut E. Lee—
Sweet Jesus returhn;
De rebs am in rags but dey sho' shoot straight,
Den dey fall an' fly to de Golden Gate—
Sweet Jesus fo'give;
Dey cause may be los' but nevah dey soul—
Touch good Lohd an' make 'em all whole—
Sweet Jesus 'ill smile.

The Chicago Tribune.

Aborigine.

A SCARLET SADDLE FOR PEGASUS.

I.

This is the tale of the blowing thistle,
The yellow maples and long-drawn whistle;
The tale of an Autumn burned in russet
When the slim white throat of Naneen Sussett

Like a satin sliver
Within my heart,
Like a little river,
A peddler's cart

Rolling over a stone or a mile,
Ghosted the moments I knew her smile;

As tall as the candles
Above her head:

"Always and always . . ."

Her lips had said.

But the candles wept to see her throat
Quivering there on his piped dark coat.

When the songs were over,
And prayers were said,
She went with her lover . . .

And I was dead—

Like a field of thistles and beggar's lice
When blown to the winds, and the rains suffice
To quench the dull flame of their feeble glow . . .
But a peat-fire burns in the bog below.

And every Autumn the thin smokes rise;
While terror comes to her tawny eyes,
Remembering nights when another's feet
Were timing their steps to her white throat's beat.

Like a warming shiver
Within her heart,
Or a little river . . .
A peddler's cart

Rolling over a stone or a mile,
Waiting the moment to know her smile;

(When the candles sputtered
And leaped to flame,
For he had forgotten . . .

Was she to blame?)

"No other shall have you!" he had said.

(The thought comes back of his too proud head)

"Today the unicorns
Drank from clover,
And wind spun maple leaves
Over . . . over . . ."

This is the last of the peat-bog's smoulder . . .
A last ghost-kiss on a slim white shoulder;
No more will Autumns be burned to russet—
For . . . *I have forgotten Naneen Sussett . . .*

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Don Farran.

"A Line O' Type or Two," Nov. 17, 1931.

SOUTHLAND.

Oh flocking meadowlarks—good-by!
Yours are the silvery paths of sky.
What wonder for the outspread wing
That seeks the paradise of spring.

Wee, scolding wrens, you, too, are fled
From tiny house and clapboard shed,
But when Old Sol shall smile less stern
Out of the blue you will return.
Dim, circling pelican and crane,
I note you choose a green domain,
While blizzards haunt the latitude
Of love-kissed egg and rearing brood.
Yet, when the grass roots stir again,
The Northland will your favors win.
Oh, goose and duck! the hunter's eye—
Your flight with his death pledge must vie!
Darkness is kindness to your arch
And star and moon, befriend your march.
Oh, when I view the crystal trail,
The sea whereon the pinions sail,
A throbbing rises in my soul
To journey to some languorous goal,
Some Eden of the heart's desire,
Far from the realm of kindled fire,
Of suffocating snow and gale,
Of muzzled river, landscape pale—
An eagerness for tropic stream
And islands of Homeric dream!
Yet, God, what memories would stack
My brain with torment to come back!

The Chicago News.

Will Chamberlain.

ADIOS.

Kiss me once as you'd kiss your lover,
Sweet as the orchard blooms that blow,
Fierce as rain when the storm clouds hover—
Kiss me like that and let me go.

You were born for the throbbing city,
Safe retreats that are snug and warm;
I go to the trees for love and pity
And for shelter from the storm.

There is joy untold in your sweet caressing,
Your shining eyes would bid me stay;
But the road and the sky hold a richer blessing,
Always the long trail leads away.

Kiss me once as you'd kiss your lover,
The stars are candles that glimmer low—
The black sky is a velvet cover—
Kiss me like that and let me go.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Dell H. Pate.

"LET ME LIVE."

(With apologies to Walter Foss.)

Let me live in a house a mile from the road
Where the auto stream goes by,
For I like to live in quietude
Far from the madding cry.

Let me plant a hedge about my place
That none of the neighbors may see
Across the intervening space—
What we're serving for breakfast or tea.

Let me settle the books on my library shelf,
Each furnished with padlock and key,
For I sometimes like to peruse them myself,
And they seldom come back to me.

Let me live by myself a mile from the road,
Then the tramps that infest the day,
The various agents toting their load
Can't possibly find the way.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Elizabeth Starr.

THE HEADLIGHT THROUGH THE MIST.

Our cottage stands above the rock—
That rock that wooed the misty sea.
He brought me there, a bonny bride,
That daily I might lean and see
The trains that sped along the track,
Past rock and shore where waters kissed,
That I might watch his homeward run,
And the headlight through the mist.

What said the whistle to the town,
The signal that he made for me?
I know not. In my heart it read,
"I come to thee, I come to thee."
Fond, foolish phrases filled my brain;
"Consider that you're always kissed
Whene'er you hear my whistle blow
And see the headlight through the mist."

Ah, me! that still I should be here,
My month-old baby on my knee,
Since he is gone, and nevermore
That whistle has a speech for me.
No wonder that my baby wails;
No father's lips its cheek has kissed;
The saddest sight on earth to me
Is the far headlight through the mist.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Amoretta Fitch.

BEACON.

A beacon flames across the sky
To light the path where great planes fly,
And by the beacon light that swings
Across the sky the birdmen's wings
Are guided home.

Your love has been a beacon light
Across the purple depths of night
To guide my way across the sea—
Past every risk and jeopardy,
And safely—Home!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
Oct. 10, 1931.

Robert Shreffler.

LITTLE STRANGER.

I saw you as you passed, dear little boy,
With eyes so big with wonder at the world!
One hand was clasped about a tiny toy,
The other grasped your country's flag unfurled.

Oh, may the world not break your precious toy
Or drag your unfurled flag through grimy dust;
May every day be full of youthful joy,
And naught destroy your simple, childish trust!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Dorothy Perry Allen.

MUTE.

The voice within me that sang is now mute;
The strings of my harp are broken;
My lips are stiff at the mouth of my flute—
Unsaid the words I'd have spoken.

The Cincinnati Times-Star. Adeline H. Tatman.

SUB-DEB.

My elders view the opera,
In an approving row
Admiring lovely Juliet—
Applauding Romeo.

Now Juliet was just fourteen,
I've heard, and Romeo
Was little older; but they think
I shouldn't have a beau!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Annette Patton Cornell.

SUFFICIENCY.

There is only a thread of a moon tonight
In the pale Western sky.
Oh, many a moon burning copper and bright
Has sailed splendidly by!

There is only a word that my heart has kept
From the voice of the throng.
But the moon's silver thread and the word that you said
Are enough for a song!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER.

A pretty little thing, my friend ;
Please take it in your hand
And test the point. That needle end
Was ground by clever craftsmen.
I fancy it might break but never bend.

The handle fascinates the connoisseur,
Cut from one block of agate.
You'll see our coat of arms carved there
Below the hilt. The charge?
"Death, Not Dishonor, Will I Bear."

And like such baubles of the medieval life
It has a history. I was told
Don Carlos brought it with his dainty wife
To Florence. Another found her fair—
The stain is very faint upon the knife.

We treasure it above the family plate
Father to son—and all that rot.
Romantic, I confess, yet I would hate
To have its honor smirched—I say,
You're leaving? My wife will be quite desolate.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer. John A. Seidel.
"Philosopher of Folly's Column," April 16, 1931.

TWO SONGS.

My friend has a dear little yellow bird
That lives in a cage all day.
She says she is sure she has never heard
A bird sing a song so gay.
It hangs in the house and its song fills the air.
The sound of it makes her glad ;
But to me it is always a prisoner's song
And its capture makes me sad.

The bird we have is a wild redbird
Who lives in our old elm tree ;
His song is the finest I ever heard
And he stays in our yard, though he's free ;
He knows we will put bits of food on the ledge,
He's learned where our scattered seeds lie,
So he sings the year round, near our window ledge,
Just the song of a friend nearby.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Lorena Schellenbach.

WHERE LAMPLIGHT FALLS UPON THE SNOW.

Where lamplight falls upon the snow,
It lends a welcome light
To travelers who come and go,
Along the ways of night.

At sight of lamplight on the snow,
Slow heart beats fast and warm;
And eyes catch up the cheery glow
That frowned at wind and storm.

Where lamplight falls upon the snow,
There is a welcome home;
Like harbor lights that cast a glow
For those who sail the foam.

Where lamplight falls upon the snow,
It lends a welcome light
To travelers who come and go,
Along the ways of night.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mildred Schanck.*
March 18, 1931.

CONSPIRACY.

The clouds all tumbled together,
At the close of a summer day;
Determined to banish from view,
The sun with its heated ray.
In vain, they tried with a vengeance,
But this giant strong and bold,
Shone gloriously forth behind them,
And lined every cloud with gold.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Ethel Titus Worthen.*

THE FOREST.

How lovely is the forest deep
As winding paths we stray,
Where mosses and the wild vines creep
Near streams where willows seem to weep.
Each turn we make, each ancient tree,
Each living thing a mystery.
I love a winding path to stray
That keeps me guessing all the way.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Isola M. Ohaver.*

I WHISPERED YOUR NAME.

I whispered your name to a laughing stream,
And told it to keep forever my dream
Of a cottage, a garden, of youth and of love;
I told the stars as they twinkled above,
And watched all the night in the azure skies,
Of the love, and dreams I saw in your eyes.
Then a merry breeze came dancing along
And my heart danced, too, to its lilting song;
I whispered your name with trembling lips,
Then blew you a kiss from my finger tips;
I whispered your name to the moon that night,
She nodded and smiled as she dipped from sight;
East over the hills the golden dawn came,
Night fled in the west; I whispered your name.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mary E. Schanck.*
Feb. 17, 1931.

BANKED FIRES.

I watched two lovers gather leaves
Of autumn gold without alarm.
Beauty was gone. An idle breeze
Brought near her laughter's guileless charm.

The trees forgive! For youth is June,
A restless radiance life dare know;
But grief will strip each year of June,
And time will bank last fires with snow.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *H. Raynesford Mulder.*
Feb. 1, 1931.

PROTEST AFTER A LOVE-AFFAIR.

Blondes have brought me only sorrow;
Brunettes bring me lonely tears.
I shall know no peace tomorrow,
Nor through all the long, long years.

Oh, these cold and fickle ladies!
Lest I worship them again,
Ship them all to Mars or Hades—
Women bring me only pain.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Robert Schreffler.*
Dec. 29, 1930.

WINDS.

Today I climbed a round bare hill
And stood alone while strong west winds
Swept over me; raised high my face
To their sharp touch, as one who finds
A balm for sorrow. Flung my arms
Wide to their eager, swift embrace;
My heart leaped with a rapturous thrill
As their wild melody of psalms
Quivered and surged. White laughing wind
Like crystal waters rushing past,
That cleansed and purified my mind
Of paltry things I had held fast
For over-long, cooled scorching fires
Of restlessness and vain desires;
Peace rode the winds on that high crest
And touched my soul with strength and rest.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Virginia Eaton.*

DEATH IN THE GULCH.

When twilight walks across the drowsy sand,
The lobo turns his nose to starlit western sky
And stabs the brooding silence with his cry;
The norther blows its whistle over land
When somber cacti in grim silence stand—
Near by a longhorn steer lies down to die;
His eyes are dim with age—there is a sigh
As Death stoops low and waves a bony hand!
As stars peep down from azure deeps of space
The wolf pack gathers for the midnight feast;
They snap and growl as hunger draws its lash.
Fair Venus, queen of night, with cunning grace,
Draws close a veil of clouds as savage beasts
In maddened craze of hunger charge and crash.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Eliot Donnell.*
"Oak Cliff Edition," June 22, 1931.

ROCK PILE.

"An easy punishment," we say,
Passing these prisoners upon our way.
And could they know, we're breaking stone
Our own sins to atone.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Florence L. Snow.*
"Poet's Forum," June 20, 1931.



IN BLOSSOM TIME.

In blossom time the world again
Is filtered with a faint per-
fume ;
The sensuous orchid leaps to
bloom
Beneath the resonance of rain.

The crimson tulips leave a stain
Upon translucent April's tomb
In blossom time.

The soul of spring sips every
vein ;
A charm and loveliness illumine
The quiet loam from winter's
gloom.
And beauty snares us with her
chain
In blossom time.

bus (Ohio) Dispatch. Tessa Sweazy Webb.
I.

A PRAIRIE SUNSET.

What alchemist could in one hour so drain
The rainbow of its colours, smelt the ore
From the September lodes of heaven, to pour
This Orient magic on a Western plain;
And build the miracle before our eyes
Of castellated heights and colonnades,
Carraran palaces, and cavalcades
Trooping throughout a city in the skies?
A northern cloud became a temple spire,
A southern reach showed argosies on fire;
And in the centre, with unhurried feet,
Came priests and paladins, soon to descend
To earth with swinging censers to attend
The God of harvests down amidst his wheat.

And scarcely less resplendent was the passing,
When with the night winds rising on the land
The hosts were led by a Valkyrian hand
To their abodes—accompanied by the massing
Of amber clouds touched with armorial red,
By thrones dissolving, and by spirals hurled
From golden plinths, announcing to the world
That Day, for all his blazonry, was dead.
And when, like a belated funeral rite,
The last pale torch was smothered by the night,
The mind's horizon like the sky was stripped
Of all illusion but a fable told
Of gods that died, of suns and worlds grown cold
In some extinct Promethean manuscript.

The Dalhousie Review.

E. J. Pratt.

NOCTURNE.

The stars are golden moths that stream
Across a silver sky;
The dunes are softer than a dream;
The sea a softer sigh.

There is no light except the spill
Of moonflame on the sea:
There is no world beyond your still
Dark head against my knee.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.

Cecilia Maloney.

MACKINAC LILACS.

(Planted 200 years ago by French settlers.)

Two hundred crumbling years have bound
Their ageless roots within the ground
Of Mackinac, whose dust has found

Their fragile breath is stronger than
The vanquished flesh of conquering man,
Who lies where all his past began

Deep in the earth that lifts these flowers
Above the mould of mellowed hours
To gaze again on old French bowers

Where sweet maids raised their clear young eyes
To pledge their troth while far off skies
Became the roof of Paradise.

Oh slender, deathless, time-gnarled trees!
Whose boughs are weighed with centuries
What heart can doubt when every breeze

Drips with the dreams of long ago,
What heart can doubt, when all hearts know
Spring keeps her troth—where lilacs grow.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
March 27, 1931.

Cecilia Maloney.

WILD ROSES.

Beautiful roses, guarded by willows,
Tinted with loveliness, drenched with the dew;
Charming fragility, with petals blushing,
Where is the soul of you . . . fragrantly new?
Soft is the dewdrop, pillowed by petals,
Holding gay visions that once my heart knew;
Breezes are crooning some olden love-song . . .
Lovers and song are the same, life through.

Exquisite blossoms, softened by shadows,
Trailing the woodlands, roadsides and streams,
Smiling with joy at children's bright laughter,
Gazing with rapture on rovers . . . with dreams.
Lovers of Nature heed not, nor care not,
How long the hours, enhanced with your glow,
For you are charmers leading them swiftly
Back to dream-gardens of long, long ago.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Theressa M. DeFosset.*
July 16, 1931.

HURT.

I'll get myself a handsome steed
With mane of glowing black,
And find a golden saddle then
To set upon his back;
My bridle will be studded o'er
With jade and rubies rare;
And then I'll pluck a daffodil
To place upon my hair!

I'll get a cloak of dazzling white;
No plumes will wave like mine;
The people all will think I am
A princess of the line;
And while they whisper 'mongst themselves
(For none will dare to speak)
I'll ride so swift the wind will blow
The tears from off my cheek!

The Detroit (Mich.) News.

Theodora Aronstam.

FURTIVE.

My neighbor draws her curtains tight
And never knows the slow, sure light
That sketches trees against the dawn
And leaves their shadows on my lawn.

She never sees a sun sink low
Into the twilight's afterglow;
But sits within her darkened room,
All unaware that lilacs bloom.

Some day her doors will open wide,
And with her come her musty pride;
And she, who never knew the phlox,
May have drawn curtains in her box.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Register.
"Over The Coffee," July 8, 1931.

Lou Mallory Luke.

COOM, DONALD LADDIE, SING ME.

Coom, Donald laddie, sing me,
For time is on the wing
The grand auld sangs o' Scotland
The Mither used tae sing.
My heart is in the heather;
I'm treading braes sae steep
And yon's the Tummel, laddie
Wi' a' its auldtime sweep.

Sing me o' luve and honor;
Truth is the grandest thing;
Sangs o' the hills o' heather
The Mither used tae sing.

Sing me Auld Scotia's legends
Till mountain torrents roar—
Aboon the misty crags I'll see
The Highland eagle soar.
Coom, Donald lad, I'm weary
Let foreign forests ring
Wi' "Scots Wha Hae" and "Lomond"
The Mither used tae sing.

Bring lanely loch and moorlan'
Storm o' the wintry sky;
The bonny springtime places
Whaure a' my kindred lie.
The Mither's voice I'm hearing—
I kept the tryste she'd keep
As in the lang last gloamin'
She sings her bairn tae sleep.

Fargo (N. D.) Forum.

Flora Cameron Burr.

WORDS.

Words are magic things,
With songs in their throats
And color on their wings;
Yet how cruel they can be
When spoken thoughtlessly.

The Dothan (Ala.) Eagle.

Scottie McKenzie Frazier.

LINES ON ARMISTICE DAY.

Sister lay your hand in mine,
Give me yours, too, brother.
Let us stand in one long line
Each one by the other.

Wherever mankind draw their breath
In every land on earth,
Let us swear by life and death
And by the pangs of birth.

Never more these hands shall hold
Swords to slay each other;
Never more the lie be told:—
Brother must hate brother.

Strong enough, we are, to wear
Olive branches all may see.
Brave enough, we are, to bear
The name of coward valiantly.

Sister, lay your hand in mine,
Give me yours, too, brother.
Let us stand in one long line
Firm by one another.

The Fayetteville (Ark.) Democrat.

October 12, 1931.

Katharine Murdoch Davis.

ROSES OF VESTAVIA.

O, Vestavia, the beauty of your roses is lauded from
shore to shore!

The perfume of your gardens is with me forevermore!

Yet I come to your beauty at rose-time,
Garlands of roses, gardens of roses,
Your roses, Vestavia!

O, Vestavia, you have enchanted me, your perfumed
lands, from roses grand,
My senses are lulled with ecstasy at rose-time in your
gardens, with your roses, Vestavia!

The Fort Payne (Ala.) Journal. Myrtle H. McCormack.
Nov., 1931.

BEREFT.

Tonight theres' a sob in the sea;
The wind is a wail and a cry;
The dreary rain obscures the sky.
No stars to cheer . . . no moon for me . . .
My trusted friend has gone!

My eyes, hot with tears never shed,
My heart, cold and numb with its ache.
Life must go on and time will take
The hurt and give me peace instead . .
My well-loved friend has gone!

The comforting clasp of her hand;
The radiant warmth of her soul,
Remain to bless. With truth her goal,
She travels on. Bereft I stand . . .
My gentle friend has gone!

*The Gary (Ind.) Post Tribune. Margaret J. Marquart.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust," Sept. 23, 1931.*

IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

Within the close of my own heart
I'll sow, all secret wise,
Some love seeds that may quicken there
And bloom as blue as skies.

And in this garden I will plant
A sweet and holy thing
And watch it with most tender care
That it may blessings bring.

As color song and fragrances
Make any garden gay
I'll make the one of my own heart
Beloved day by day.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Courant.
Aug. 2, 1931. Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*

DR. HOWE, MILLIONAIRE HOBO.

This man walked humbly with the souls in want ;
He knew their pain, their hunger and their thirst ;
He knew why parks are lined with men grown gaunt,
When unemployment makes men's lives accursed.
His was no idle theory, for he walked
With all these workless workers. He has talked
With hopeless, helpless humans when he found
Them starved for bread or comradeship or cheer.
He stretched his hand and lightened many a load ;
He did not mind that men were crippled, queer,
And hopeless from life's prick and grill and goad.
The rich denied his comrades in his death,
These friends he chose while yet his clay held breath.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. Margarette Ball Dickson.

CONSOLATION.

Wages merrily drop
As our dividends stop ;
England's payments in gold are suspended ;
But suppress all your sighs
For a big banker cries—
"It's a sign the depression is ended."

All the stocks that I hold
Have been "heavily sold" ;
To the world and his wife I'm a debtor ;
Europe's future is blurred
But I'm cheered by the word
Of an expert who says "things look better."

I'm behind in my rent—
All my money's been spent,
And the outlook seems far from seductive ;
All the world's up a tree
But the brokers agree
That the happenings all are "constructive."

I have just sold my car,
All my nerves are ajar,
And my neck would make some one a ropeful ;
They have called all my notes
But my broker (in quotes)
Says, "The signs are decidedly hopeful."

I am hungry—and how!—

And I'm yearning for chow ;

To the poor farm I seem to be breezing ;

But I ought to feel gay

For I hear the czars say,

"All the signs are distinctly more pleasing."

I've a wife sick abed

And I'm deep in the red ;

There is nothing to eat on the table ;

But I feel I should cheer,

For a big financier

Says: "Conditions are now getting stable."

I have six kiddies ill

And I can't pay a bill ;

How we all feel the pinch of privation!

But I'm kept from despair,

For my brokers declare,

"Things are now on a firmer foundation!"

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

H. I. Phillips.

"The Once Over," Sept. 29, 1931.

SONG OF A MODERN HOME.

("Prohibition has increased enormously the consumption of dairy products such as milk, ice cream, cheese and eggs, and has greatly helped the candy and pastry industries, according to the Executive Committee of the Grange which opposes the return of beer."—*News item.*)

It was nightfall as the kiddies

Played upon the kitchen floor ;

Ma looked fretful and quite worried

As a knock came at the door ;

There a bluecoat stood with daddy—

Said the cop in tones of pain :

"Here's your old man, little woman—

He is full of eggs again!"

"Say not so," dear mother stammered,

"They must never hear you say

That to country eggs and cheeses

Their dear daddy is a prey!

Many years they all have loved him—

They've respected him—and how!

So I prithee do not tell them

He's an om'lette addict now!"

"I am sorry" said the copper,
As he put dad in a chair;
"'Tis a pity dairy products
Bring a home such bleak despair;
Look! He's swiftly turning yellow—
Life is full of bitter dregs;
Keep your old man, I implore you,
Where he can't get any eggs!"

Time went on and dad seemed cured;
He was mother's pride once more,
When another winter evening
He fell in upon the floor;
"What the matter?" shouted mother—
Then the old man slowly spake;
"I've been downtown with the boys, ma
And I've eaten too much cake!"

"Oh, for shame" said mother, weeping,
"How you've failed me in the test!
Why, oh why, take so much pastry
Ev'ry time you feel depressed?
Please consider our dear kiddies—
Do be quiet; here they come!
They must never know their father
Is a hopeless pastry bum!"

Father struggled hard and truly
And he made a noble fight
To shake off his pastry yearnings
And his cookie appetite;
To this end he was successful
But soon blighted was his dream;
Coppers brought him home one evening
Helpless from too much ice cream.

It grew clear no one could save him
As he went from bad to worse;
He would go downtown each morning
And come homeward in reverse;
Then one morning mother left him,
Leaving him the homestead keys,
For it was the limit when he
Took to lollipops and cheese!

The Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times.
"The Once Over," Oct. 6, 1931.

H. I. Phillips.

SCENARIO.

When Junior comes home from the movies
I learn that the picture was "keen"—
In his six-year-old treble he tells me
The tale that was flashed on the screen:
How virtue was lured to destruction
By villainy ruthless and grim—
The tale of a maid and the price that she paid—
And I learn about women from him.

When Junior comes home from the movies
He is frequently pale and aghast—
The butler, it seems, with a case-knife
Has punctured the rest of the cast.
My darling, though scared, tells the story
With boyish enjoyment and vim—
He describes in detail each victim's last wail,
And I learn about murder from him.

When Junior comes home from the movies
He has had "just a peach of a time,"
And the two of us snug in my arm-chair,
Settle down to an evening of crime;
Of bootleggers, bandits, white-slavers—
Of killers who kill for a whim—
I have earned all my loot in a lawful pursuit,
But I learned about rackets from him.

The Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript.

Anon.

SURVIVAL.

Behold, one dreamed at moonrise
Behind the darksome hill of Doone,
And, dreaming, fashioned in his heart
A song to lull his cares:
Which, having done, he died—as one whose work on earth
is closed.
He passed, indeed—but he who treads Doone hill, to-day,
Is conscious of the breath of faint, perfumed airs
And distant tinkling (as of ghostly bell that rings),
And still beyond all this, he notes another sound—
The far-off echoes of a voice that sings!

*The Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times. Helen M. Bielby.
The Poet's Corner, July 7, 1931.*

ADVENTURE IN SENTIMENTAL VERSE.

(Brought on by a little old gentleman who, with scant success, canvassed our office with a pitiful line of can-openers.)

Nobody knows all the troubles you've seen,
Nobody knows what your past life's been,
Nobody else knows the way you've felt
When your only meal was a tightened belt.

Nobody knows how your troubled mind
Dwelt on success that you couldn't find,
Nobody else feels your feet so sore
From the hopeless trudging from door to door.

Nobody feels the embarrassed shame
That's yours as a pawn in a losing game,
Nobody else feels the hurt that gnaws
At the heart wrung dry by a hopeless cause.

Nobody knows what the gray days mean
Since the gates were closed to the pastures green,
No one will know for a long, long while
For you've got grit and a gallant smile.

Nobody's sympathy goes so far
As to see that the trifles you peddle are
The broken blades of a warrior gray
Whose pride insists that he pay his way.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Advertiser.

W. J. Adams.

"The Meal Ticket," May 7, 1931.

BAY NEAR KOKO HEAD.

Beside the bay of the phantom hand,
By the light of the waning moon,
Tapering fingers rise from the sand
Enfolding the arm of the throbbing land
In the grasp of the deep lagoon.

I know not the name of that moonlit bay,
By the side of the tropic sea,
But my thoughts stole out and were swept away
On the shimmering path of the moonbeams' ray
And were lost in eternity.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Advertiser.
March 8, 1931.

Lou Ella Archer.

A PIRATE LAY.

We wos runnin' free o'er the deep blue sea, a-cruisin' the
Spanish Main,
We wos flyin' light with every kite a-drawin' away like
Cain;
An' we flew at the fore the emblem of yore—the skull an'
the naked bones,
An' blast our eyes it wos Paradise—or a watch below wi'
Dave Jones.

We had cutlass an' pike an' of shot a sight, wi' powder to
blow 'em to 'ell,
An' a crew signed up fit wi' Hornie to sup, an' Morgan
an' Kidd as well;
Our hull wos clean from a new careen—she was fast as
a bird o' prey,
An' we pointed high to the winds o' the sky—it wos roll
an' go, an' away.

There wos never a reel in the knife-like keel as to the
weight o' wind we lay,
An' we had only a laugh when at the monkey-gaff a
signal came our way
From a King's great ship, all bright an' gay, to "Lay-
to or we fire,"
For we showed her a heel as slick as peel—an' one that
'ud never tire.

Then one morn' bold as on the hatch we loll'd, the look-
out raised a sail,
An' from the skipper's con he yelled "A Don; we'll give
her a spread o' hail";
Thru the ports we run our murmurin' gun, an' a broad-
side shrewd we flung,
It took her quick, oh, it made 'em sick, an' we hadn't but
just begun.

Our grapplin' irons we throwed aboard, an' we laced her
side by side,
On her deck we sprang, a motley gang, thick skulls an'
thicker hide;
We slashed an' we slew, like a bolt from the blue that
wosn't to be denied,
The scuppers roared red and ruddy—an' they fed the
waitin' tide.

Our skipper he clove the captain's nob, he shored him
cheek an' jowl,
His bludie sword he swang thru the horde—you should
ha' heard 'em howl;
The cook felt fine when we jabbed his spine, an' rove him
on a line,
There he swung where we had him hung—coughin' purple
blood like wine.

Oh it was gore galore an' "All for the shore" full forty
fathoms deep,
They walked the plank when we giv 'em a yank in the
brine to lay an' steep;
An' some we swung at the yard-arm to dance on the
wanderin' breeze,
While we broached the rum an' treasure, an' took things
at our ease.

There was pieces of eight an' loads o' plate, moidores an'
doubloons galore,
Jewels an' lace, gold pure an' chaste—an' wine that 'ud
make you soar;
The plunder we heaped on the main hatch—laid it all
out in a row,
An' we divvied it out 'mid-roar an' shout—an' Lord how
we'll make it go.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. George McKinlay.
"Down To Cases," April 3, 1931.

FORGOTTEN.

The lotus drifts upon the pool of Punahou,
The pool made by Hawaiian gods of long ago,
Forgotten are the gods: forgotten fair Liliha,
Donor of her home, the lovely Punahou.

The rocky menehune hill against the sky
Is trampled now by spotted cows who graze or lie
And chew their cud. O Little People, where are you?
Has our poor pagan progress made you fade and die?

The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. Berta Metzger.
"Slants," Feb. 23, 1931.

MATES.

Bill an' me ha' been goin' to sea for 50 long year an' some
more,
We ha' shared all our luck both nip and tuck aboard an'
on the shore;
When down an' out on a boozin' bout he has helped me
to me feet,
An' I've done the same when he was to blame for swiggin'
'em raw an' neat.

We've been soused round the deck on the back of our
neck a-comin' the lee fore brace,
We've been up all night in a strenuous fight when wi'
life we've had a race;
We've floundered around in the flooded waist—bunded
head an' fractured rib,
Or out on the boom wi' scarce elbow room we ha'
smothered the flyin' jib.

At "Board the main tack" we've had more than our
whack, as well as "Topsail down-haul,"
Bill's right by me side in the wind an' the tide to see as
there naught shall befall
His life-time old chum who's a bit of a bum, an' travels
wide an' some free,
But I'll go wi' ole Bill to the top o' the hill—or the bottom
of the sea.

We ha' raced wi' the tea o' China, an' the wool from the
"back blocks" forlorn,
With a westerly gale an' the plainest o' sail down south o'
the dreaded Horn;
With a bone in our teeth and never a reef our signals
we've flung to the Nore,
An' the looms o' the North ha' spun all their worth when
our lines we've run ashore.

We ha' raced the freight from the Golden Gate an' from
the Indies coral strand,
Wing on wing on the favorin' wind we ha' sped from land
to land;
We ha' done our bit wi' a lamp low-lit—Bill an' me ha'
served our kind,
When we rove no more mark up the score—or scatter it
to the wind.

*The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. George McKinlay.
April 15, 1931.*

BETRAYAL.

(After the Fifty-fifth Psalm.)

His words were honeyed with a smile;
I did not penetrate
His subtle thoughts, nor ruthless guile,
Until it was too late.

He walked with me in confidence
And held my hand in bliss,
Bewitched me with his eloquence
And betrayed me with a kiss.

He shamed me with dishonor,
And broke our troth in twain,
And frightened me in deathly horror,
And held me in disdain.

And as I fled in soul's retreat
On that unhappy day,
He ravished me with base deceit,
And tore my heart away.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.
October 12, 1931.*

RIVER FOLK.

Some eerie power held them rooted there,
Although the water came up every spring,
And they would move their goods to high spots, where
The river never went philandering;
Somehow it seemed as if it held them bound
By some allegiance or unspoken pact,
Or that within its murmuring they found
A strange mesmeric force their beings lacked.

And I have wondered why they never built
Their houses where the tentacles of flood
Could not invade and leave the scum and silt
On floor and wall—their door-ways filled with mud,
But always they were helpless to revoke
The spell that charmed and made them river folk.

*The Indianapolis Sunday Star. Margaret E. Bruner.
June 14, 1931.*



THE WAPSIPINICON AT WAUBEEK.

Three bluebills, veering down the gale—
Two mallards on the river's breast;
The noon sun, cirrus-filmed and pale—
A plowed hill near a rushy swale;
These I remember best.

But I remember, too, a night,
When frost was threatening and near;
I watched each winking village light
Before the great moon shimmered bright—
Such nights are lovely here.

And I recall a far-off bell—
Bell of the strayed herd after dark;
Those tinkling sounds that always tell
Of green hill breadths that fall and swell—
Hills that intrigue the lark.

Rise sun and moon; march up the blue
But always know before you go
This dreamer here is kin to you;
So are these cliffs; these birches, too—
And that wee town below.



The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette.

Jay G. Sigmund.

TO A DAHLIA.

In old-fashioned gardens
Where the lark's song is born
Gold splashed by the sunshine
And dew-kissed in the morn,
Blossoms proudly the flower
Of coloring so rare—
'Tis the glorious dahlia
With which none can compare.
Where the rose shades of dawn
And the violet of night
Blends to each golden heart
Like a chalice of light
Each flower face tinted
By the Master on high
With prismatic colors
From a rainbow-decked sky.
Many times there are souls
When the day's toil is o'er
Seeking courage and rest
To face duty once more
Find that cares fade away
Where dahlias are growing
In old-fashioned gardens
With lovely blossoms showing.

The Jasper (Ala.) Mountain Eagle.

Sybil Aiken Dombhart.

POSSIBLY REMORSEFUL.

Our family is the happiest
Whenever we're the scrappiest.
I don't mean fracas or strife
To agitate our family life;
But give us scissors, pots of paste,
And long, long hours of time to waste,
A book composed of clean white pages,
And we'll be satisfied for ages,
Nor ask for little else, perhaps,
Than heaps and heaps and heaps of scraps.
* * * * *

Yes, we're content; but oh, how harried
Are those to whom our family's married!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
"Starbeams," June 25, 1931.

Helen Rhoda Hoopes.

EXILE.

Up here in Arkansaw the weather's colder
Than what it used to be down Brazos way;
An' 'pears to me like I'm a-feelin' older,
An' noticin' the length of every day.
Back home it never seemed no more 'n a minute
Between persimmon time an' ripened haw—
But every day's got sixty hours in it
Up here in Arkansaw.

The sunshine here ain't no-ways near so warmin'—
'Seems like I jes' cain't stand this whinin' breeze—
I'd give a farm to hear the gulf wind stormin'
An' playin' anthems in the live-oak trees!
For dear old homey sights an' sounds I'm honin',
And wishin' for 'em keeps my feelin's raw—
But shucks! they ain't no sense in me a-moanin'
Up here in Arkansaw.

The neighbors here all act right kind an' clever,
An' do their best to make me feel at ease.
They're jes' my kind of folks, but I cain't never
Git shet o' these-yere pesterin' memories!
They's somethin' keeps a-callin' me back yonder—
Dear echoes of ol' times that seem to draw
My heart to Texas—how come me to wander
Up here in Arkansaw?

The Kansas City Star.
Oct. 12, 1931.

R. B.

PUEBLO RUINS—NEW MEXICO.

Here once a tall pueblo rose,
And here once brown-faced children played.
Now only fallen mounds disclose
Here once a tall pueblo rose.
The sacred khiva's secret close
Is but by ruined walls betrayed,
Where once a tall pueblo rose,
And where once brown-faced children played.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
March 22, 1931.

Elijah L. Jacobs.

MANY THINGS THOU HAST GIVEN ME,
DEAR HEART.

Many things thou has given me, dear heart;
But one thing thou hast taken: that high dream
Of heaven as of a country that should seem
Beyond all glory that divinest art
Hath pictured—with this I have had to part
Since knowing thee—how long, love, will the gleam
Of each day's sunlight on my pathway stream
Richer than what seemed richest at the start?
Make my days happy, love: yet I entreat
Make not each happier than the last for me;
Lest heaven itself should dawn to me, complete
In joy, not the surprise I dreamed 'twould be,
But simply as the natural and sweet
Continuance of days spent here with thee.
The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Alice Wellington Rollins.
May 31, 1931.

WAITING.

The days pass on . . .
Empty things . . .
Making clinking sounds
Like Lincoln pennies
In a tin bank.
When will you return
Bringing love . . .
And heart's ease . . .
And the gold of your smile . . . ?
The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal. Mary Winner Hughes.
"Galley Three," Aug. 18, 1931.

THE EAGLE.

All through the ages, to this day—
A symbol—reigns the bird of prey.
On nations' banners, forts and gates,
Armor, currency and estates;
Hovering there in bold contour,
A sign of strength in peace or war—
O'er lowest sect to station regal,
With stately mien, guards the eagle.
The Messenger. 5754
Dec., 1931.

PRIMORDIAL.

There is no music colorful and sweet
As mellow thunder rolling down the sky;
No rhythm quite as vivid as the beat
In symphonies of rain that hurtle by.
No poetry of motion quite as free
As scudding clouds across a moonlit night,
As whitecaps dancing on a vibrant sea—
An eager wave that disappears from sight.

There is a primal loveliness in these—
Perfect in content—and in every line,
A beauty in their subtle harmonies
Superior to any thought of mine,
These are great sonnets I cannot attain—
The sea, the thunder, and the lyric rain!

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Gene Boardman Hoover.
July 16, 1931.*

OLD CHARLEE.

(Aftermath of the Florida gale, 1926.)

From mist-blue shadows of the Everglades,
Charlee comes no more to the market place,—
Old Charlee who brought 'gators from swamp shades—
No more we see his wistful, haunted face.
Another brave with native fruits for sale
Now takes his place upon the busy street;
An old timer asks: "How's the old camp trail?
Old Charlee, too?" And says: "Long time no meet."

The dusky Seminole looks far away:
"Big water come . . . Old Charlee go . . . Big Sleep."
And down a weathered cheek the tear drops stray,
"Charlee, old timer not ashamed to weep."
The last one of the Mathla tribe is dead . . .
Old Charlee sleeps . . . with sea-weed for a bed.

*The Lake Worth Herald. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
May 29, 1931.*

THE PARABOLA.

This curve I'm plotting? A parabola.
This point is called the focus; it's the point—
O no, not an ellipse. Ellipses have two foci:
Here, I'll show you one I've drawn.
You see the difference. These two lines of the parabola,
They stretch out wide and wider,
"World without end," as preachers say.
(I don't know what they mean; perhaps they don't;)
But you see how it goes.

There was a man—Sir Isaac Newton, I believe it was—
Who had the notion a parabola was an ellipse,
Its other focus at infinity.
You may not understand just what he meant;
You have to sort of take the thing on faith.
The keenest scholar can't quite picture it, you know.

I've often thought,
It might be called a symbol of man's life:
A curve of ever-widening sweep.
And here in this world
Is the focus we may call, say, temporal interests,
Food and drink and clothes . . .
But yet it cannot be that this is all;
Far out beyond the reach of sight must be
Another point, a heavenly focus, see?
'Round which the sweeping curves of human life
Complete the ellipse.
Fantastic? Well, perhaps,
But yet the more I think of it . . .

And here—
Another thing I've often thought about:
Suppose we draw here two parabolas
With axes parallel, and let the arms cross—
"Intersect" the word is—at this point.
Now if there be a focus
Somewhere out beyond the bounds of space,
And these are two ellipses,
As Sir Isaac thought they were,
Why, don't you see, they'll intersect again
Somewhere out there.
Just as two lives that once have crossed,
Then gone their separate ways,
And one has disappeared long since into the void of death
May— But who knows? It's just a thought. . . .

Well, come again; I don't get callers often.
They don't see much in old folks nowadays,
And when a man's not only old, but got his head
Stuck always in a book of "Analyt——"!

Young people think I'm queer; they can't see why
A man that doesn't have to study graphs
Should plague his head; don't understand that such
Dry, dull things as a parabolic curve
May bring up mem'ries of a face that's gone.
The Manchester (N. H.) Union. H. Reynolds Goodwin

A VISITOR.

Emerging from a prison barred,
A Mother walked—aged, bent and grey.
Her countenance was deeply scarred
With marks of toil and time's array.

But shining from that face so worn
—As she retraced her lonely walk—
A beacon lamp seemed to adorn
Her being in a youthful frock.

And though her lips gave forth no sound,
What need words to show the joy
This Mother's heart had truly found
In an hour's visit with her boy.

The Messenger.
Dec., 1931.

V. W.

I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen the spirited unsaddled horse
I might have ridden, had I been a man.
I have seen the rugged tall oak
I might have felled had I been a man.
I have seen the log house
I might have built had I been a man.
But——

In my dreams I failed to see the woman
I might have loved had I been a man.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.
"Whispers," March 4, 1931.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WISTARIA

My neighbor's wistaria sways in the breeze,
A fair castled lady of languorous ease;
High in her bower of flowering grace,
One turns to look for her winsome face
In slender white blossoms weaving a veil
Of ethereal beauty, tender and frail.
Through the long winter months in hiding she lay,
Storing perfume and charm for this warm, sunny day,
Her bower bereft, storm-tossed and wind-swept,
Drenched by cold rain-clouds that over her wept
Awaiting in quiet the time to rejoice
When the birds and all nature pure happiness voice.
By the angels of spring gently called to appear,
To the senses her loveliness steals as a tear,
Or the mist of the morning, which cleanses the soul
From the weariness born of the world and its toll.
Her silken plumes swaying once more in the breeze—
God fashioned her beauty for mortals' heartease.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
Oct. 9, 1931.

Mabel C. Fuller.

SUNSHINE.

I watched a little baby try
To catch a sunbeam from the sky
Which filtered through a curtained bay
Upon the pillows where she lay.
Though it would scape her outstretched hand,
A thing no babe could understand,
Again tried she the selfsame way
To take in hand that golden ray,
Until I thought, was this a sign
Now saying to this heart of mine
It too should win another's grasp
And make them eager but to clasp
The sunbeams it could scatter where
No light so winsome blazoned there.

The Michigan Tradesman.
July 15, 1931.

Charles A. Heath.

TAKING DOWN THE TREE.

We've finished with Christmas, commenced the New Year,
And we don't need this tree any more.
It's dusty, the lights are not any too clear,
And it's moulting all over the floor.
We'll have to get busy tonight
And put all this stuff out of sight.

So out come the boxes, partitioned in squares
Like the cases they use to pack eggs;
And the stepladder has to come up from downstairs,
To lengthen inadequate legs.
Then we gather the shining display
And pack it securely away.

It takes a whole evening to get the job done,
And we don't feel exactly inspired;
We're ready to quit when we've hardly begun,
And we frankly admit we are tired
Before we have dragged out the tree,
And the furniture's where it should be.

It seems inconsistent—now, isn't it queer
That we all are so lacking in mirth?
When a few days ago, we put the tree here,
We were sitting on top of the earth.
It was work, but we called it a joke,
And could laugh when an ornament broke.

This change of emotion is rather a shock;
It's hard to explain it away.
Does the Spirit of Christmas run down like a clock,
And expire about the eighth day?
A condition, if true, to deplore,
When we think of what Christmas is for.

And I wonder: Suppose all this kindness and cheer
That at Christmas we joyously seek
Were to live in our hearts for the whole of the year,
Instead of just lasting a week!
If we always could set up the tree!
What a wonderful world it would be!

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
Jan. 2, 1931.

F. Howard Seely.

TRAVAIL—WINTER.

Heavily pregnant with snow,
The clouds are somber and gray,
Scarcely concealing their woe,
As inwardly retching they sway.

Hoarily rimed with the frost,
The trees impatiently wait;
Nervously branches are tossed,
In whispers they grumble at fate.

Barrenly clean is the earth,
So calmly awaiting again,
Token so white of the birth
That brings a great blessing to men.

Rended asunder the sky!
The trees are suddenly meek,
Gaily the wind whistles by,
And snow flakes are kissing my cheek.

The Nevada State Journal.
Feb. 19, 1931.

Bertha Raffetto.

PYRAMID LAKE (FROM THE DESERT).

Miles of sage, unending sand,
And then I stood, where I would
Love to stand, forever, on this earth.
A view so breathless, met my gaze,
I sank, with rapt amaze,
Upon the hills' broad brow,
And longed to be a bird
Who with swift, winging dive,
Could cleave the cobalt waters
Where they came alive.

Mirrored in their blueness,
I could see, snow capped, tawny hills,
Rising toward Infinity,
Their beauty portrayed in the quietude,
And only birds—to see.

The Nevada State Journal.
Feb. 28, 1931.

Audrey Wellington.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN NEW CANAAN

The hills against a star gemmed sky,
Lean dark and still tonight;
The wind has died into a hush,
Across the fields of white.
A calm, sweet silence fills the space
Where one bright star beams down
Upon a rugged, frosty path
That leads into the town.

The tall spire of the meeting-house,
Stands high above the Green
Where many colored twinkling lights
On a brave spruce, are seen.
And far below the Christmas star,
A wayside cross gleams white—
"Peace on earth, good will towards men,"
Prevails our world tonight.

By foot and wheel the carolers
With angel voices sweet,
Sing praises of the Christmas-tide,
And cheer each heart they meet;
While breath of pine and candle light,
And wood-smoke curling high
Enchant the night with memories
Of other years gone by.

Methinks, 'twas just a night like this
On that sweet long ago;
When shepherds heard the angels sing
While all the heavens did glow;
When a mother smiled, and cattle knelt,
And wise men traveled far
To where the blessed Christ child lay
Beneath the self-same star.

O, star that shines so calm, serene,
Bless with radiance bright,
The town of my nativity,
On this sweet, holy night!
To aching hearts and empty hearths
Send peace and comfort down,
And keep alight the little path
That leads into the town.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser. *Lulu M. Pauley.*
Dec. 24, 1931.

A BALLADE OF HERBERT HOOVER.

Was ever man with such colossal heart
 (And nerve) as this? You may recall how he
To feed the Belgians cabbage a la carte
 Tore billions from the U. S. Treasury.
Moratorium's now on his *tapis*,
 To succor London, Berlin, Paris, Rome;
Dear Mister Herbert Hoover, can't you see
 A Moratorium begins at home.

He has two faces, focused worlds apart
 Like Janus of the old mythology;
One face smiles o'er the sea, through tears that start,
 The other views his own land's misery
And turns away. "Too bad, but not for me,
 Private subscription must the country comb."
Deaf to the Unemployed, the Farmer's plea
 A Moratorium begins at home.

Is it a stroke of Politician's art?
 Of smart electioneering strategy
To buy next Fall in the Convention's mart
 The German and Italian vote, maybe?
Or is it just the Psychic Density
 Of one who has no spare-room in his dome?
For the humanitarian verity
 A Moratorium begins at home.

ENVOY.

VOTERS who in your ballots hold the key
 To a bright Sunrise or a Dismal Gloam,
Let your votes tell the Nation you agree
 A Moratorium begins at home.

The New York American.

Oliver Herford.

AIN'T IT?

(With apologies to R. M.)

As I've traveled through this vale of tears
 I've learned this o'er and o'er,
It's better to have a morning after
 Than never a night before.

The Kansas City Journal-Post.
"Galley Three," March 14, 1931.

Mildred Martin.

HAY FEVER.

(With apologies to Masfield's "Sea Fever.")

I must go down with the sneeze again, the awful wheeze
and the sigh,
And all I ask is a handkerchief to keep my poor nose dry,
And clear ozone and a cooling breeze with the chance to
ease my pain
For I need it all in my struggle as I go down with the
sneeze again.

I must go down with the sneeze again, and though I have
tried and tried
To keep myself from sneezing, yet a sneeze can't be
denied;
And all I ask is a lonely spot by some quiet sylvan dell
Where there are no rag-weed pollen nor golden rod to
smell.

I must go down with the sneeze again, but I'll surely do
my best
To conquer this dread malady, subdue this awful pest;
And all I ask is to hie away, away from the hay and
clover,

For all the rest I'll ever get, is when the long sneeze's over.
The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser. *A. H. Ellard.*
Sept. 10, 1931.

REWRITTEN—1931.

"He kissed me once, he kissed me twice,
And then he rode away—"
And so she played some contract, and
Went out to see a play.
She wandered to a night club, where
She had a little dance;
She found a little roulette wheel,
And took a little chance.

Oh, in the gallant yesteryear
She would have pined and cried—
She would have wondered where he was,
She would, perhaps, have died!
She would have made an altar for
Her single, fragile flame . . .
Today he kissed and rode away—
And she forgot his name!

The New York American.

Margaret E. Sangster.

YOU KISSED A ROSE.

Against your lips you softly pressed a rose,
Whose color rivaled Venus' cheeks of red;
Held in this envied and divine repose,
You bruised the fragile petals till they bled.
And as the rose knew rapture of your kiss,
Its soul breathed fragrance to the empty air;
While richer hues acclaimed its modest bliss,
Its perfume deepened and it grew more fair.

And as I watched the miracle in awe,
Yet jealous of the flower's tender sips,
A beauty's tribute to your own I saw;
For, as my envy died in unmourned death,
I saw the rose steal beauty from your lips,
And borrow fragrance from your eager breath.

The New York Graphic. *Clarence L. Haynie.*
"Your Broadway and Mine," May 12, 1931.

THE AGE-OLD PROTEST.

Watching the crumpled, weary leaves that shower
Upon the shrivelled ground, and sullen mist
Choking the hills, I wonder at the Power
That forces us to keep an annual tryst
With Desolation—and my heart is crying
The age-old protest, cried in every land,
Against the world's sole wrong that merits sighing,
And can be righted by no mortal hand.
Ten thousand throats have mourned the grim decision
That all the loveliest things must fade and die,
And begged of beauty a less scant provision—
Yet Sappho was as impotent as I.
And Herrick's daffodils were left to fail
With Villon's youth and Omar's nightingale.

The New York Herald-Tribune. *Elizabeth D. Hart.*

ADVICE TO A GOOD GIRL.

No one will know that you cannot bake pie
If only you fight the temptation to try.

The New York Evening Journal.
July 10, 1931. *Katharine Murdoch Davis.*

FOR GEOFFREY CHAUCER, CITIZEN OF LONDON,
INFORMING HIM OF THE PRESENT FINE
ALOOFNESS OF OUR POETS, AND CRAVING,
AT LEAST RHETORICALLY, A REPLY; THIS
SONNET.

Life claimed you first, and after life came art;
The great thing held the smaller in your scheme;
But now the whole yields honor to the part,
And poets fly reality for dream.
Words are their deeds, and words their anodyne;
The stumbling world slips back, then lurches on,
While unconcerned they rub their phrases fine,
And scan the latest news from Helicon.
Burgher and soldier, King's ambassador,
Clerk of the Royal Works, Member for Kent,
Customs Controller; you whose precious store
Of days and years was prodigally spent
For England—speak! and let your words take wing;
Time was when poets could both serve and sing.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

B. R. R.

BEFORE DAYBREAK.

Beyond the blue immensity
Of this illimitable sea
Of stars and darkness, morning waits—
A beggar at the bolted gates,
Outside the walls of his desire.

From edge to edge the jeweled loom
Awaits inevitable doom
Of bursting dawn, whose challenge calls
Capitulation from the walls,
Surrender from the lofty spire.

Night's sentinel now vainly keeps
His vigil while his master sleeps;
Soon both must see the beggar's glow,
Like ambergris on indigo,
Illumine all the world with fire.

The New York Sun.

Carl John Bostelmann.

RACHEL WEEPING.

One by one I gave away
Hoarded bits of lace;
Tiny shoes, the dainty caps
That might have touched your face.

Little garments, soft and white,
Stitched with yearning care;
Still unwrapped within its box
A brush for baby hair.

Folded blankets, never used,
(Does an angel rest?)
I would give my life to feel
Your head against my breast.

Someone else will use the things
That were meant for you.
Does a baby miss the love
Of one he never knew?

Were you quite content to go?
Seemingly—you smiled—
Lord of life, can I forget
That I have borne a child?

The New York Evening Journal.
Oct. 14, 1931.

Eugenia T. Finn.

SPRING SONG.

I'm a fool, and well I know it,
To be walking stony streets,
When a dutsy road is curving
Round a budding hill that meets
Cool spring sky with such a line
As is carved of new green grass,
When the winds of April stir them
Into movement as they pass.
I'm a fool, and well I know it;
And beside me, to their shame,
Walk ten thousand others like me—
Deaf and dumb, and blind and lame!

The New York Evening Post. *Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.*



The World's May Queen

Hawaii-land in Blossom Time,
Dressed as a Queen should be,
Puts on her rainbow-tinted gown,
That all the world may see.

All garlanded in loveliness,
'Tis fitting she should wear
Upon her neck a chain of love,
And flowers in her hair!

Upon her throne she reigns supreme,
A gracious Queen is she,
To whom her subjects bow and pledge
Their love and loyalty.

For beauty, grace and kindness,
She holds the palm, I ween,
Though other lands have many charms,
Hawaii is the Queen!

—May L. Restarick.

ve Honolulu Star-Bulletin.
ry 1, (Lei Day) 1931.

May L. Restarick.

EXAMPLE.

Our neighbor's cow, considerate,
We welcome as a guest.
She's tethered near our garden wall,
And there she does her best
To gratify her friendly hosts,
For, as she calmly dines,
She eats appreciatively
The poison-ivy vines.

MORAL.

In this hard world of tit for tat
Oh! pass not by in blindness
Meek folk who for your vemon give
The milk of human kindness.

The New York Sun.
"The Sun Dial."

Emma Johnston.

WIND DIRGE.

The wind is a hidden priest who dirges
In the great cathedral of naked trees.
In sombre tone the chanting merges
With choirs of Autumn seas.

And we who tread the nave where swaying
Branches bend above the head,
Seem aware that the wind is saying
Mass for the newly-dead.

The New York Evening Journal.

Lucia Trent.

MID-SUMMER.

The quail is a piper; the pheasant, a drummer.
The soft winds march down the lanes of summer.
The soft winds march with a muffled tread
While four-o'clocks sleep in the flower bed.
The winds pass by, while clouds like fleece
Follow their footsteps of summer peace.
The quail is a piper; the pheasant, a drummer;
And the soft winds march down the lanes of summer.

The New York Sun.
July 20, 1931.

Helen Maring.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Edison Dead?

What dullard so believes? . . .

Are light and sound dead?

Is romance dead?

Are cities to be dark again

And man grope in blackness?

Edison Dead?

Who speaks so strangely? . . .

Shall millions no more find

Joy, excitement and romance

In pictured fable?

Are workers no more to know

Surcease from toil and care

In the miracle of poem and story,

Flashed upon a beam of light?

Shall little children no longer know

The wonders of a million tales

Unfolded in moving light and shadow?

Are tired men and women to be

Refreshed no more—nor swept

From a humdrum burdened world

Into a land of make-believe—

A land of music and laughter—

A haven of gayety and color?

Edison Dead? . . .

Is happiness dead? And pleasure?

Is imagination dead?

Shall weary housewives never again

Join the panoplied processions,

Move through palaces and courts

To tinkling laughter,

Smiled on by kings and queens,

Greeted by prince and princess?

Shall broken men no longer

Ride white chargers across green acres,

Search with Sir Galahad for the

Holy Grail?

Charge with Sir Arthur,

Fight with D'Artagnan,

Take citadels with Alexander,

Move through Napoleon's court,

Ride the Flying Carpet of Bagdad?

* * *

Edison Dead? . . .

Is the human voice dead?
Is song dead?
Has music vanished?
Are homes to be dingy at nightfall—
The rooms hushed, save for
The sputter of oil lamps,
The howl of distant locomotive,
The hooting of an owl
In the orchard—
The rattling of the weekly paper
In an old man's hands?
Are the farmer's babes
To pine for song and story,
For color, joy, excitement?
Are distant homes to know
No golden voices—
Hear no genius play?
Shall music no more leap
From a box of rosewood?

Edison Dead? . . .

Is the homestead darkened?
Are shop and store dingy and bleak?
Does man feel his way down
The lane by lantern light
Or grope through village street
By flickering gas lamp?
Are Great White Ways no more?
Does Broadway no longer sparkle
With a billion blazing lights?
Is the Rue di Rivoli black,
Is Piccadilly lightless
Is the Bund desolate
And Unter den Linden dark?
Is night an abyss?

Edison Dead? . . .

Only in headlines!
Only in doctors' reports—
Only in accepted error!
Thomas Alva Edison
Yet lives and will live forever
To lighten the paths of all—
To speed progress,
To make life easier.

To make homes more comfortable,
To lighten man's burdens
To cheer the bed-ridden,
To hold little children in
A sandman's spell—
To brighten the earth
With countless miracles!

The New York Sun.

H. I. Phillips.

AFTERMATH.

Fifteen slow years have passed since as a shade
He slipped from out his human panoply,
And marched off to a dark Eternity.
Fifteen long years it seems should lend me aid
To conquer grief. Was he not unafraid
And cited for his loyal bravery,
That stripped his soul from body daringly,
In white heat of the orders he obeyed?

How strange, then, that I still must pay the price
Of mother love; must long to rock his ghost
As in the cradle days; hold tight his hand
And give his boyhood happy sacrifice.
Did war mark me that I might pay the host
Of future mothers may be spared this brand?

The New York Times.
November 11, 1931.

Mary B. Ward.

WET MORNING.

The robin's head is ruffled with sleep when he rockets
Into the wet gray light. Loudly the swallow
Tumbles out of the eaves; the sumac loosens
A scarlet leaf grown heavy with the rain;
And on the hill a shaken cattle bell
Wanders to thickets and is lost again.
We who rise from the strong dark hollows of sleep
To walk together in the tangled grass.
Come to the silver morning, walking not less
Lightly because of the rain that clings to our hair . . .
And on your lips I find the taste of rain
Stinging and sweet as this brief autumnal air.

The New York Sun.

Frances M. Frost.

TO ALAN SEEGER.

(July 4, 1931, marks the fifteenth year that has passed since the young poet Alan Seeger fell on the crimson fields of France while charging upon the German trenches at Belloy-en-Santierre.)

Dear, budding soul, how well we knew
You could not fail that rendezvous.

Now your disputed barricade
And that scarred slope of battered hill
In Maytime's sweetness stand arrayed;
And in Belloy-en-Santierre
The shouts of children pierce the air
Aye! Where you fought and carried through
That peace forever would be still
The spring returns each year for you
And scatters blossoms at your feet.
To-night the moonlight's misty down.
Caresses your once flaming town
Where life no longer sounds retreat;
And all that's indistinctly seen
With your fair memory is green.

Dear, budding soul, not you—not you!—
But Death has failed that rendezvous!

The New York Sun.

Gibbs Hofmann.

SPANISH BLADE.

A wondering ploughman left his share to free
What earth held like a dark custodian,
Revealing your undaunted symmetry
Unchanged for all the years' corroding span.
The sun struck sparks from glittering armor when
A cavalcade of black-browed soldiers came
Into a virgin country—eager men
Searching for worlds to conquer; riches; fame;
A dreamer seeking changeless youth. The river,
Father of Waters, has forgotten him
Who found a grave, mysterious and dim,
Within his depths; but earth, the lavish giver,
Recalls her progeny, and kindlier,
Has guarded well this steel once part of her.

The New York Times.
Jan. 7, 1931.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

REQUIEM FOR A YOUNG POET.

They pause beside your grave and, pitying, pass
Lightly as wind along the grass.
"Ah, life's bright coins unspent, its songs unsung!"
They say of you who died so young.

They have not seen you take the road at dawn
With sunrise in your face, the wind upon
Your eager shoulders like a shining cloak,
Marsh lilies' incense drifting thin as smoke
Along the hot road where cool shadows were laid
In patterns like a green brocade.
They have not seen you wade knee-deep
In tides of asters pale as sleep,
Nor in the sunset followed where
You drank its gold wine, crystal-clear.

They cannot know how in the dusk you came
Calling each slumbering flower by name,
Watching them waking, shaking the dew,
Speaking their fragile words to you.
They have not seen you go when evening fell
Softly as music of an unringed bell,
Into the darkness singing a poet's tune,
Filling your eyes with the light of the moon,
Counting the stars and watching them dim
As day came over the night's blue rim.

They weep for you and, pitying, pass
Lightly as wind along the grass.
"Ah, life's bright coins unspent, its songs unsung!"
They say of you who died so young.

The New York Times.

Daniel Whitehead Hickey.

LOT'S WIFE.

I wonder what it was she left behind
More precious far than all she hoped to find
In that dull haven of security.
So dear that fire-doomed plain had grown to be,
She knew that nothing else could compensate.
I think, deliberately she sought her fate.
I, too, look back . . . With her I share the fault!
For on my lips the slow, hot tears are salt.

The New York Times.
August 15, 1931.

Esther Barrett Argo.

BLARNEY.

I've a wee bit of lass from Killarney,
She's lyin' right here on me arm;
Such a bright little, dear little darlint,
A part, shure, of Erin's own charm;
For her eye's just a hint of blue hivin';
Her hair's soft as dusk of the eve;
An' her cheek like a wild-rose is colored,
The kiss that the fairy-folk leave.

(Now her dainty, pink hand is a graspin'
An' holdin' me finger so tight,
Shure, a time she'll be ladin' her daddy
'Twixt mornin' an' noon an' the night.)

Cunnin' mouth, like a love-bow, an' rosy,
Wid lips smilin' swate as kin be,
An' it's thin, wid an odd skippin' heart-bate,
Me own precious Bridget, I see.
Twinklin' dimples, Oh—faith an' bejabers!
They show wid that elfinish smile,
An' I swear by me hopes of a hivin',
She lades ivery kid by a mile.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
March 15, 1931.

Nelle B. Prickett.

SUMMER.

Spider webs dripping from the shrubs like silver,
Galium severing the ground with veils
Of gossamer green; and Mary McIliver
Goes to the spring with her two tin pails.

A tree toad sounds, and a gull goes winging;
A pheasant drums, and a brown thrush calls.
The heavens lift wide at her glad heart singing;
And the trees spread out into lush green walls.

A quail pipes loudly from down in the meadow,
Where black-eyed susans and marguerites glow;
And Mary smiles up at a sudden shadow,
And feels of her hand where John's ring will go.

The New York Times.
June 25, 1931.

Helen Maring.

SUMMER AT THE FULL.

Full tide of Summer, through the waxing year,
Something within me, like a secret spring,
Awaits the languorous days when you appear
To press the latch—your days hot-nooned that bring.

The ripening heat to color red the peach,
To gild the grain and shake its kernels loose;
To drop into my hand's swift greedy reach
Globed, purple figs that burst with honeyed juice.

Summer, is it because my birthday fell
In your warm tides, that rippling golden haze
And towering heat-clouds fold me in a spell
Of tranquil happiness, a stilly maze
Of joy? With full fecundity of earth,
And not in Spring, each year, I know rebirth.

The New York Times.

Anne Zuker.

NOVEMBER ROSES.

Belated flowers, bravely sweet,
Concerned to do full duty;
They bear not only Autumn's hues,
But Summer's garnered beauty.

Deep crimson under pale grey skies,
Each petal bright with dew;
Their mystic fragrance stealing forth
To greet the world—and you.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
Nov. 15, 1931.

Katherine Bowsher.

A PILOT.

Make me a pilot brave and strong
To man my ships without a fear
And heed the beacon lights along;
Make me a pilot brave and strong
To breast the tide when things go wrong
And safe into the harbor steer;
Make me a pilot brave and strong
To man my ships without a fear.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Delia Vaughn.

CHANTEY.

Oh, the sailor's life in the olden days,
Blow down, blow down.
Was a sorry thing on the deep sea's ways,
Blow down, blow down.
He shipped for a farthing, and God knows where,
With a vacant place above his ear,
A swig of grog, and a lusty cheer,
Blow down, sailor, blow down.
Oh, he sought no thing on the forward tack,
Blow down, blow down.
And his dream was hazy of coming back,
Blow down, blow down.
He took no thought of the raging gale,
A Bristol hull, and a Camden sail,
A kiss on shore and a sea dog's tale,
Blow down, sailor, blow down.
But the sailor's life today is a cinch,
Blow down, blow down.
He sings no chantey around the winch,
Blow down, blow down.
He gets his songs on the radio,
His romance comes in the movie show,
He goes to sea for sake of the dough!
Blow down, sailor, blow down.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. William Nauns Ricks.
"The Other Fellow," March 21, 1931.*

TRAPS.

O hunter have you felt no pain
When in your hand dead birds have lain
With burnished breasts of snow or jet
All torn by shot and bloody wet?

O Trapper, when you set the steel
Did you no spark of pity feel
For mangled flesh and broken paws
Held by strong teeth in cruel jaws?

O hunter, trapper, when the west
Is lovely as an oriole's breast,
Within the shadow and the dew
Pale death will set his traps for you!

*The Norfolk (Va.) Ledger Dispatch.
October, 1931.*

John Richard Moreland.

CAMPING IN FOREST DEEPS.

The rosy after-glow turns dim and faintly gray;
Sweetly the moonlight spills o'er the mountain tops,
Splashing the earth with queer designs of mellow light.
Beside a flower-gemmed bank, two beds were spread
On fragrant boughs of spruce and fir.
Beneath the coverings, a mother and her son
Listen to the insects' good-night lullabys.
Each plant, each shrub and tree is filled
With soothing melodies.
Glow-worms in decaying logs, flash golden lamps;
The crickets chirp in rasping notes,
Katy-did, Katy-didn't, Katy-did-she-did!
Blend in night's grand symphony.
Afar a lone dove coos to its nesting mate—
"I'm here, coo-oo, coo-oo," it says.
"I hear you-oo, you-oo," is answered back.
Silence touches the top-most twigs, creeps 'mongst
The quivering leaves, enters a bluebirds' nest.
And rests awhile in smiling solitude.
Shadows like stalking giants, spread their cloaks—
And wrap the earth in deep and spectral gloom,
There is such harmony in Night's seductive sounds,
Such rhythm in the croon of Nature's songs,
Such perfume in the stately forest halls,
The senses and the soul seem steeped in mystic wine—
Are lifted up as on the wings of Cherubim—
Go sailing, sailing, with the planetary stars,
Into vast illimitable space.
The campfire smolders low—an ember drops—
A shepherd whistles to his dog —
The sheep bells tinkle musically, softly;
Sleep, gentle sleep, weighs the eyelids down
And all is still.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Stella Flowers Hastings.
"The Other Fellow."

SEAMSTRESS.

The rose will wed her lover
A butterfly so fair,
And all night long the spider weaves
A veil for her to wear.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Catherine Cate Coblentz.

MARK TWAIN'S TREES.

Mark, they say your trees are dying,
That old age has cast its frown
On those trees there in Nevada,
'Bout your home in Carson town.

Mark, I found those trees you planted,
And they made a weary show,
Yet for me they had been keeping
Mem'ries of your long-ago.

Mark, I talked with them, they told me
Of that old endearing joy,
Of the days when they were starting—
You the story-telling boy.

And they told me of your gold days,
Of your stories and the rest;
That for years they have been longing
For your presence in the west.

Mark, I saw your trees—they're dying—
But the birds come there and sing,
And they somehow show a feeling
For the autumn gathering.

And your trees said to me: "Going,"
We are going with the train
That is trekking toward the sunset,
Keeping mem'ries of Mark Twain!"

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Schuyler C. Spero.*
"The Other Fellow," *Aug. 27, 1931.*

A SCARLET VASE.

A scarlet vase shines in my room.
A flame within a grotto's gloom;
It holds bright, everlasting flowers
And memories of happy hours.

And in my loneliness I find
A scarlet vase two hearts can bind,
That everlasting flowers be
A symbol of eternity.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Ruby Pearl Patterson.*
"Talespins," *July 31, 1931.*

IN THE GARDEN.

You will come
When the light laden moon,
That bears away the messages of those
Who have messages to send,
Has slipped from the harbor of my sight
And come sailing back again
On the deep, unrippled sky—
You will come to me here where I wait,
Twice shadowed by the trees
And the night.

You will come
When the feather footed wind
Has sped itself to you—has gone,
Like a whisper, around the quiet earth,
And come back to me here where I listen.

You will come
When the cloak of these nights
Has been laid upon the bright realities
Of your days,
Softening their multicolored life
With the thoughtful evening's shade—
You will come to me here where I wait,
Twice shadowed by the trees
And the night.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
June, 1931.

Rosalie Moore.

AND YET FOOLS SAY.

He captured light and caged it in a glass,
Then harnessed it forever to a wire;
He gave men robots with no backs to tire
In bearing burdens for the toiling mass.
He freed the tongue in wood and wax and brass,
Imbued dull images with motion's fire,
Transmuted metal into human choir—
These man-made miracles he brought to pass.
Bulbs banish night along the Great White Way,
Thin threads of copper throb with might unseen;
On silver curtains shadow-actors play
That walk and talk from magic-mouthed machine,
While continents converse through skies o'erhead—
And yet fools say that Edison is dead!

The New York World-Telegram.

George S. Holmes.

PARACHUTE JUMPER.

I step—
Off the white wing and into empty space,
Down,
Down,
I rush.
Like Icarus, forsaken by his wings.
I pull the ring.
As though arrested by a giant hand
I halt my mad career.
Above my head
The 'chute blooms like a great white flower.
Alone
I float in empty air.
Quiet succeeds the mad rush of the wind.
Below me—
Green fields, white roads, blue waters of the bay,
And the far-distant hills.
Slowly
The earth comes up to meet me,
As one who leaps from lofty rock,
And finds the landing harder than he thought,
I land,
I fall.
My 'chute is now the plaything of the breeze.
I must collapse it, ere it drag me—
Into the dust.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Eugene B. Frisby.

"The Other Fellow," May 1, 1931.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

If while I live
I keenly know
The quest for truth;
The sunrise glow;

The soul's clear flame;
The wild bird's cry;
Then I shall never
Wholly die.

The Pine Cone.
Aug., 1931.

Annice Calland.

· THE CLIFFS OF DEVON.

Come with me in the morning
Of a cloudless autumn day;
On the rocks the sea is dashing,
With its sparkling foam and spray.
We can see the white sails gleaming
As the fishing boats float by;
We can hear the white gull screaming
As they circle through the sky.

We will walk along at noontide,
When the heather is in bloom,
And its purple flowers mingle
With the yellow heads of broom.
In the distance sheep are feeding
On the green grass of the downs,
And a winding road is leading
O'er the hills to little towns.

From the cliffs we'll see the sunset
When the banners of the sky
Are flung wide in royal splendor,
And a harvest moon hangs high.
We will view the scene together
Then will travel on toward home
In the golden autumn weather,
By the cliffs of Ilfracombe.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Bulletin. Ray H. Gross.

ON BERKELEY'S HILLS.

Blue is the bay tonight as lights of home
Come twinkling bravely on to meet the dark;
The Eucalypti etched against the dome
Of Heaven's majesty stand clear and stark,
The while the sun between their branches spills
Its last communion cup of golden wine,
Bathing the bay, the near and distant hills
In symphonies of coloring divine.
I stand upon the hilltop silently
Endeavoring indelibly to fold
Within the archives of my memory
This beauty that eludes my yearning hold;
Surely the wealth of moments such as these
Are woven in our mental tapestries.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Eve Brazier.

"The Other Fellow," June 19, 1931.

VIRGINIA'S CALLING ME.

I love the sunny Southland where the orange blossoms
grow;

And a thousand miles remove you from chilling ice and
snow;

I love her lakes and rivers and the beauties of her seas;
Her soft, enchanting moonlight, and her cool, refreshing
breeze.

But with all her heav'nly glory, my old heart longs to go
To my home in Old Virginia and friends of long ago.

I hear the gentle murmur of the low and winding stream
Along whose banks the lilies through tangled grasses
gleam.

I can see the shady woodland where purple violets bloom,
And cow-bells woke the echos when we drove the cattle
home,

And I listen at the twilight for voice that I know
'Round my home in Old Virginia, of friends of long ago.

Take me back along the pathways my naked feet have
trod,

Where the beauties of nature bring you nearer to your
God,

Let me roam the fields and meadows and stately wooded
hills

And hear the silv'ry music of the water-falls and rills,
And drink the golden glory of the sunset's after-glow
'Round my home in Old Virginia, with friends of long
ago.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," July 24, 1931.

Edwin C. Davis.

SMALL PAYMENT TO A WREN.

Wren, take a rose bug for your fee
Or a cool green writhing worm;
Your song has helped the will of me
To stand up and be firm.

You sang to dawns that came in rose,
Sang when the skies were gray;
You showed me how to take my woes
And drive them far away.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. *Rebecca Helman.*
August 24, 1931.



OF man's first barricade and how it fell,
 Only the eye can guess. No random well
 Or prying shaft uncovers where it stood
 Topping some vanished knoll. Part stone, part wood,
 I think, and none too high, that barricade
 The Unknowns made.

So long ago it was, that from its dust
 Nothing remains that any eye can trust.
 Nothing, and yet, I know long lances gleam
 And ruthless torches flame across my dream.
 Through ages of night, I glimpse that wall again
 Squirming with men.

A wall that tells the story of a world
 That always hopes her battle flags are furled
 A world that hopes, yet builds against surprise.
 Hoping! Building! Knowing that hordes arise—
 Age after age—on hoofs that trample stone
 And leave it prone.

LOWE W. WREN.

(Copyright, 1931)



The Kansas City Star.
July 12, 1931.

Lowe W. Wren.

CITY IN RAIN.

Tonight the rain is tasteless on the lips
And on the cheekbones as forgotten tears;
And like unto a casual hand that grips
Men's hands, and leaves their fingers stiff with fears,
Rain walks with men. Men damn it. In their shoes
Rain drones. Each man behind a screen of rain
Walks privately, upon his face no clues
Of these lean thoughts that bleed within his brain.

Hungry myself and penniless as they,
I have no fear of hunger; only fear
Of these who walk in rain, whose hearts are grey
With this insistent damp; whose eye and ear
Are closed to man and God, whose emptiness
Of mind and body grows beyond redress.

They are not wolves, who have unsated mouths,
Becoming chronic, even hunger dulls;
And these who eat but famines, drink but drouths,
Rend not each other; turn not cannibals,
Neither do they as men more primitive—
Demanding tooth for tooth and eye for eye,
Too intimate with death to care to live,
Too desolate in life to fear to die.—

Rather, I have seen cattle humped against
Impending storm on some unwooded plain,
Feet wide apart, heads lowered, bodies tensed
To meet the onslaught, as these men in rain
Mill, unresponsive, having none to lead,
Waiting the crash that starts the mad stampede.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Loverne Wilson.*
Dec. 6, 1931.

TREES.

God forgive me when I no longer see
His gracious presence in each living tree
In somber sky and in the sunshine clear
For then, I might forget that He is near.

St. Andrew's Cross. *Millard S. Burns.*
October, 1931.

THE CONQUERORS SPEAK.

"We live! we live!" the dead they cry,
The guns have ceased their firing.
You may not see us marching by,
Or have our dreams inspiring.
But if you knew our battle song,
The faith that keeps us going,
The faith that sends us marching on
It would be worth your knowing.

"We rest, we rest, beyond the light
For greater things are calling;
Ye, too, be brave, fear not the night,
When high ideals are falling.
The broken sheath, the rusted blade,
The standard torn and tattered.
And all the foolish plans we made
That never really mattered.

"We know, we know what life now means,
This is our great adventure;
No self-appointed one may choose
To be his brother's censure.
No kings dictate, no powers we fear,
Our part needs no rehearsal.
For we have reached God's higher plain
Where love is universal."

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.

Charles Bancroft.

HOAR FROST.

Thoughts of spring come winging
When bold winter stalks.
Like a grey ghost flinging
Crystals as he walks.

When the choirs of summer
Mute each golden throat,
And the forest drummer
Muffles his last note.

Icy hoof-beats echo
Memories of spring,
When Frost whirls his lasso
In a silver ring.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.
April 1, 1931.

Anne M. Robinson

THE PINES AT BRIGHTON.

I walked among the stately pines that whisper to the stars ;
That stand in green serenity, whatever tempest whines ;
Their branches turned by alchemy to moonlight silvered
bars,
And much I learned of living in the stillness of the
pines.

The pines at Brighton folded me in tender solitude.
They bore my spirit on their boughs and cradled me in
peace.
Their mighty hearts around me beat, and in their quiet
mood
Among the tranquil mountain tops, I found a sweet
release.

The pines at Brighton never knew the virus of a town,
And I, townborn, was purified up there so near the sky ;
For in the fragrant silences, when evening drifted down,
Beneath the pines at Brighton I heard God passing by.

The Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune. *Maud Chegwidden.*
July, 1931.

THE OLD TRUNK.

These ancient hopes, age-long forgotten fears,
Once golden dreams, now faded leaden-cold ;
These burned-out fires of hatred, blinding tears
Of love betrayed in days so dimly old ;
These musty souvenirs, and meaningless
Sad trinkets, pictures, letters—how they press
Upon your heart, with ghostly memories !
And now this curl of hair, with ribbon tied—
(What was her name? How long ago she died !)
And did you one-time weep for such as these ?
And was this ever real ?

To-day's harsh pain,
Black grief, despair and eager joy shall presently
Blur to such monotones as these, and cease to be.

So, close the dusty trunk—and smile again ! . . .

The Pine Cone.

George Allen England.

PLEASANT LIVING.

It's pleasant to live where the oranges grow ;
It's pleasant to see the ocean glow ;
It's pleasant to live 'mong dear old friends
Where beauty with softness blends.
Here in the South your best friends are—
Many have come from scenes afar.
They know that living is good and cheap.
That it's easy to find a place to sleep.
Lovers of seeing the citrus tree,
Lovers of fishing the turquoise sea,
Lovers of Florida all can say
As they come to the end of the perfect day.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.

Robert Propst.

"Talespins," Nov. 16, 1931.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE ROSE.

The honeysuckle climbed beside
A rose of crimson hue,
With tendrils twined in loving pride
Their mingling fragrance grew.

The honeysuckle leaned to rest,
To sip the rose perfume
The thorns that might have pierced her breast
Were buffered deep in bloom.

The honeysuckle waked one day
To find the flowers were gone,
A breath had blown them all away
It was thorns she leaned upon.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Observer. Marie Tello Phillips.

ULTI-MUM VALE.

The secret lintel you are passing under,
The row of poplars at the long road's end,—
Elysian shade that blots our souls asunder—
Is welcome sleep, Alas! to you, my friend,
But robins nesting in the lilac hedges,
The crocus sunshine and the poppies red,
The sighing winds among the purple sedges,
The gibbous moon and I, dear heart, are dead.

The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

May 30, 1931.

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith.

EVENING CLOUDS.

The shepherd wind is driving down the blue lanes of the
 sky
 A flock of his celestial sheep, the white clouds herded high.

He leads them from their ranging over hillsides of the sun
 And guides them to the meadows where the silver waters
 run

Of moonlight, where they find the thick white clover of
 the stars
 And wander, safe in night, horizons for their pasture bars.
The Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican.
April 5, 1931. Adelaide Love.

RURAL PEACE!

Did you ever go out to the cattle barn
 On a stormy winter day
 When it blowed and snowed and drifted so
 You scarce could find your way?
 You reached the door and you yanked the bar
 As the storm around you swirled,
 You stumbled in and found yourself
 In the midst of another world!
 Just the click and creak of the stanchions
 And the sound of munching hay;
 What a harbor of peace and quiet content
 In the midst of a stormy day!

Did you ever stay out in the sugar-house
 And boil 'way into the night,
 Till dawn was touching the eastern sky
 With the first faint streak of light?
 You fired the arch and you gauged the sap
 And opened the drafts up wide,
 And leavin' things to care for themselves
 You quietly stepped outside.
 In the peace and quiet of the faint starlight
 That ushers in the sun
 You heard a beat so low yet sweet!
 The drip of an all-night run.

Did you ever sit out on the porch alone
On a summer Sunday night,
When the hayin's done and the oats begun
And the crops all comin' right?
You tried to think and to plan ahead
But somehow your mind would stray,
The magic night and the fire-fly's light
Kept leading your thoughts away.
Your thoughts it seems all turned to dreams
But none of those dreams were bad;
A king you reign in a kingdom sane
In the midst of a world gone mad.

Did you ever stand on an autumn day
At the outside hatchway door
And watch them stow and stuff below
Till the cellar won't hold no more?
The shelves are jammed and the racks all crammed
And all of your bins are full,
The barrels are filled with the pork you killed
And the best of a yearlin' bull.
You smiled inside and you thought with pride;
Let hard times have their fling!
Let 'em tinker the tariff all they want,
We're going to live 'til spring!

If none of these things you've ever done
You never will read this through,
I'm sure you'd find it so profound
It wouldn't appeal to you.
If you don't know what I'm drivin' at
Nor what I'm tryin' to do
It don't make a mite of difference,—
I wa'n't a-talkin' to you.
I wrote this thing for the folk I know
Who live the life I've led.
Who can build their song as they read along
With the things I might have said.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
Jan. 5, 1931.

Mark Whalon.

AN OLD STEINWAY SPEAKS.

Counting years, they have often said
That I am old. But listen! I still bring
Dreams where hands of famous men have played.
On and on my shining pinions wing . . .
Play upon me—do not be afraid!

Weary hands, ring my ivory bells
At dusk for the sacred hour, dim-lit;
Lift fading stars from the forgotten wells
Of beauty, up into the infinite.
Sound the lost chord on my ebon bells.

Thoughtless hands, less reverent hands,
Play what you will upon my hallowed keys.
Mellow, the rosewood and the singing strands
Of that taut harp, the soul. I offer these
To you. An old piano understands.

The San Jose (Calif.) Evening News. *Lela Glaze.*

LUMBERJACK.

You say, by gar, you're lomberjack,
Now how you get dat name?
Don't look to me lak lomberjack;
Look long way from dat same.

You tink to cut and peel pulp-wood
An' draw him on de mill—
You tink dat makes you lomberjack?
You long way from it still.

You tink to cut spruce pole up short
An' take him on your back
An' domp him into auto-trock
Dat make you lomberjack?

Naw, dat ain't lomberjack at all
Not even teamster—naw!
W'ot you know 'bout build skidway
Or handle hax an' saw?

Me—Pete Merreault—be lomberjack
Some forty year ago,
And work on ole Sile Griffiss job
Sout' End, also Ox Bow.

Dat's where you fin' de mans w'at's good
Wid cant-hook and pevee,
I bet you don't know difference
Between dose two, ba Gee.

By gar, us boy was lomberjack
What you could really call
Mos' ones had work for Paul Bunyon
De res' for Joe Muferal.

Canadien was bes' of course
But Irish—some good too,
Can't swing de haxe so ver' good
But fight!—Sacre Mon Dieu!

Don' need no derrick lif' our log,
Nor tractor skid an' haul,
Jus' hox, an' good strong team of horse,
An' mans dam' tough—dat's all!

You bes' clim' back on trock, garcon,
An' twis' dose gage and knob,
You just right fill cook-shack wood-box
On ole Sile Griffiss job.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
Nov. 16, 1931.

Mark Whalon.

A PLEA.

O, Lord, who gave a genius breath
And colored all his mortal days,
Guide now his feet along new paths;
Walk with him on strange ways.

Set, Thou, a task for him to do,
That on and on his work may go,
A difficult and tiring task,
For Lord, he'd have it so.

He could not smile nor rest content
Within a hall of rainbow hue;
With idle hands and idle days,
And no great work to do.

Dear Lord, give him a workshop there,
And loving friends to know his worth.
Let his light shine in his new home
As it now shines on earth.

The Shreveport (La.) Journal.

Emma Wilson Emery.

YOUNG WATER.

I know no swagger, buccaneering thing
Like thawed snow water's springtime roistering.
A-romp with new-found life it rollicks down
The hills; and in the canyons, like a clown,
Comes tumble-talking where the frozen stones
Still hug old winter's marrow in their bones.
Its rowdy tongue bestirs the aguish earth
Into reluctant mellowness of mirth.
From drifts austere white on timbered hills
The black young water seeps in eager rills
That soon, more wayward even than the breeze,
Are all a-brawl with reckless balladries.
The talk of wild snow water in the wood
Is like the ribald voice of Robin Hood,
That, all despite the laughter in its boom,
Still hints of power ominous as doom.

I know no swagger, buccaneering thing
Like wild snow water loosened in the spring.

The Santa Fe New Mexican.

S. Omar Barker.

JOURNEY.

When the still darkness of the night is rent
By lightning and loosed thunder overhead
Strides down to earth with firm sonorous tread,
When every full-leaved tree is bruised and bent
By swift wind, sudden and omnipotent,
I lie stiff stretched, expectant of that dread,
Brief interval between the long-used bed
And heavenly pallets, smoothed of crease and dent.

I fear, not death, but that space, wide, unknown,
That parts new life and old, yet I should cross
More willingly when tall trees bend and toss,
When thunder wakes and storm-winds beat and moan,
Fair days would bid me linger, looking back
To see the brown earth wheeling on its track.

The Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican.
Sept. 6, 1931.

Florida Watts Smyth.

PINELLAS PINES.

Pinellas pines are on parade
Before the battle-bruised brigade!
Beside the Gulf of Mexico
The waters and the woods bestow
Upon the soldier accolade.

Now sheathed is the brilliant blade!
Completed is the last crusade!
The conqueror will rest, where grow
Pinellas pines.

Here meet the southern sun and shade;
The mocking bird shall serenade
Until the tide turns from the flow,
The blue sky dims to indigo,
The wind is still that once has swayed
Pinellas pines.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune. Philip E. Barney.
"The Gulf Gleam," May 29, 1931.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Aladdin's Lamp and all its wondrous powers
Charmed his young days and on the darkest night
Of struggle shed a magic heartening light;
Banished from dawn's warm skies the cloud that lowers.
Genii, he called, to gild the highest towers
Fancy could fashion. Ever to affright
Bugbears unique and vast he made more bright
A pulsing world of thorns as well as flowers.
Yet dull the spirit of the Wonder Lamp
Compared with that which glowed within his brain
To lend to hearthstone, shop, sea-craft, and camp
Resplendence; to music and undying strain;
To the screen live scenes—to life and art the stamp
Of mighty genius, glory beyond gain.

The Saint Paul Pioneer Press.

Robert Cary.

POSSESSION.

Like slim, graven Graces
In breeze-blown scarfs of tulle,
I know three lovely birches
Beside a sunlit pool.

Tiptoe above their mirror
My precious wantons preen,
Exchanging piquant gossip
Behind their leafy screen.

I came upon their beauty,
Which caught my heart like flame,
And thus I reared an altar
For which I have no name . . .

My neighbor claims the birch-trees
(He holds an equity),
But I, who am a spendthrift,
I hold their ecstasy!

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," April 21, 1931.

Lillian Taylor.

KNOWLEDGE OF DANGER SIGNS.

The Teal duck and her young flotilla
Swam and dived near a river-ford brink;
A mammoth bull, with fearsome clatter,
Came to the quiet stream to drink.
The baby ducks were all a-flutter,
But Madame Teal did not fly nor shrink.
A stallion neighed and waded knee-deep;
This time even ducklings did not blink.
Then came a slinking pumpa past them;
The mother just gave her plumes a prink.

There came a man along the waterway—
The Teal duck, terrified, fled in a wink;
Babies crouched low among the rushes;
This makes a Lover of Nature think.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," April 25, 1931.

Alice McGeorge.

HERITAGE



MANSIONS are built, though none can say
 They will endure beyond today.
 Next door is one, now lone and bleak
 And once I heard its builder speak.

His son was home, from schooling done
 He told the boy: "Little is won
 By chance. This business I have grown—
 Take it! You'll reap where I have sown!"

Silence followed. I cocked my head,
 Yet from the window no more was said.
 The boy came to the open sill,
 Wordless, his eyes on some far hill.

—LOWE W. WREN.



The Kansas City Star.
 March 22, 1931.

Lowe W. Wren.

PENDING ETERNITY.

"Give me more days," I beg,
"Days unencumbered by the body's need,
In which the mind and heart may conquest daringly
For truth uncharted and for lands unmapped.
Days! Give me days!" beseechingly I cry.
"This expedition shall retrieve
All that my other ventures may have lost!"

But time, impatient creditor,
Has threatened to foreclose
Before my life shall have redeemed its bond.
I seek a bondsman, vaster in resource,
To grant me longer terms.

The Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican.
Sept. 6, 1931. *Elinor Lennen.*

REQUISITION ENTERED SO AS NOT TO BE WISE.

Your love, through the colored glass
Of youthful illusion, looked gold,
And not in the least like brass,
Which cheaply is bought—or sold.

Into glittering dust now pass
My aureate visions of love . . .
And oh, for some shatterproof glass
To make my illusions of!

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune. *Philip E. Barney.*
"The Gulf Gleam," March 19, 1931.

TO LIFE.

I have not cried, within Thy clutch,
Nor have I, once, betrayed
Thy faith, if one could call it such,
Nor have I, cringing, prayed;

But in Thy cunning sketch of things,
If there's a come-back plan,
Let me be not the vine that clings—
I'd try my luck as Man!

The Walnut (Calif.) Kernal. *Jean Steel Marlatt.*
Nov. 19, 1931.

HAUNTINGS.

Here in this room to which you never came,
Among surroundings that you never knew—
Why should there come such poignant thoughts of you?
The silence even, echoing your name,
Pictures, carpets, curtains—nothing the same
As that remembered room where once we two
Laughed and grew silent, wept sometime, and blew
Bubbles of castles we would build in Spain.
Why must the shadows and the charm remain,
Weaving your very presence closely to
My heart and soul, in everything I do?
I seek out new environments in vain—
One spectre stalks my steps and peace defies—
The memory of your eyes . . . your eyes. . . your eyes!
The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune. Mary Alef Sparks.

THE HOUSE OF SCHEUPPE.

Some day we will all be dead,
The great House of Scheuppe.
The great walls and churchlike rafters
Of the dwelling of Scheuppe, be cheated of voices,
Bereft of the sounds of the living.
No more will the deep voices of our men resound,
No more the happy and fretful cries of our children be
lifted,
No more the wails and exultations of our Rachels and
Madonnas
Echo and re-echo.
Heard for the last time!
The rattle of our good thick dishes,
The clatter of our stoves,
The swishing of scrub water,
The singing of kettles,
The march of the churn.
No more will our walls have ears to hear
When there will be nothing of us to hear.
Our house, aged and greyed in the time
Of our father's father
Will be deaf with the weight of its sorrow;
Never to raise its bowed head
Or extend its folded hands in greeting
To the approaches and friendships of others.

We charge, old house, whose faithful heart we can hear
In a muffled measure beat
Through your grey lichened ribs,
When we are all dead and gone
And our children's children scattered,
Take to yourself no new loves,
No new passions for the brides
With appleblossoms in their hair
Who will cross your threshold.

Be true to us, we beseech,
Even as we know that you will,
And we will reward you when we return.

For surely so great a host
As the family of Scheuppe
Must meet again, reunited.
And where so rightly a place
As the enclosure of our happiness, our sins and our sor-
rows?

Yes, we will return
And we will fittingly reward you.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," Aug. 7, 1931.

Emily Moon.

THE SHEIK PASSES.

Ye say my time draws close; the Rider nigh?
Ye stand with mournful faces here and sigh!
Out! Out! Bear me without these walls;
These cursed, prisoning stones; these narrow halls.
No room to couch a lance—to swing a blade.
Lift up my couch and bear me to the shade
Of whispering palm. Ali! Thy snivelling cease;
With Jami bear me to a place of peace.

Nay! Nay! Not there, so near the busy road
Ten thousand roaring devils pass. Light load
Am I. Quick! Bear me on o'er sandy trail—
Here—this the spot. I'll give the Rider hail
Beneath this palm. Down! Smooth not away
The wind-blown ripples in the sand—today
This be my bed. My lance, upthrust, set here
Close by my hand. A thorn fire build for cheer.

See! Yonder rising, full-orbed moon has slain
Old Ramadan, the starved churl, our bane,
Put on the pot and seethe a lamb. A feast
Prepare and turn your faces toward the East.
Not over me the tent—but at my back
Its welcoming door. Wide room I must not lack.
My mare—lead her, saddled, close to stand.
Aye! Feel her muzzle at my hand.

Thine amulet, Fatima, on my arm
Now bind. Loose not thy hair; its potent charm
Shall keep me safe. Nay! Nay! Tear not thy veil;
Bid sorrow cease; let not thy women wail—
We make a feast. Look ye! The unbid Guest
Comes fast, his sable pennoned lance at rest.
Thine hand, Oh Jami! Quick—my stirrup hold—
My lance hand up. I'll meet this rider bold.

L'ENVOI.

Weep not, O women! That upon the sand
Is but the husk. That white and nerveless hand
Ye see, now grasps the lightning's lance and free
Rein shakes. Il Balan flees. That light ye see
Among the stars, his lance. To Saturn's Gate
He rides and, victor, enters there in state.

In priceless rug and spices ye may roll
This worthless husk—for that it held a soul.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune. F. B. Knapp.
"The Gulf Gleam," Feb. 10, 1931.

PATH IN THE WOOD.

Out of the impermanence of it all—
Life's verdancy and death's imperious thrall—
Comes strange awakening to a permanence
None might foreknow; a blossom's recompense
For stunted day; the weave of tenuous sense
Into spirit-pattern; crash of granite wall
To sudden music. Reassurance sweet
Fills the black night with stars. I joyous meet

And know my soul's progenitor as God.
I walk with reverent step on pregnant sod
Where miracles lie sleeping, hearing a Voice:
The time is here! Fulfillment calls—rejoice!

The Tulsa (Okla.) World. Hala Jean Hammond.
June 28, 1931.

A CLOUD PASSES OVER THE DESERT.

I saw a cloud, passing over the desert,
With the head of a saint,
And the eyes of a seer.
It was in the season of rain
When wildflowers blossomed
Threading their ribbons of color
Into the hills;
Mingling their perfume with sage-brush and cacti,
Making little shadowed places in the sand,
(Shadows like musical note)
For the winds to read,
For the winds to sing and carry over the dunes.

But the cloud, with the saint's face,
Looked not down,
Nor up, but forward—
Deep, deep into the void
Beyond the horizon,
Into the outermost spaces
Where time is not;
And peace was upon its countenance,
Peace, such as the mountains wear,
Something that is not of the moment,
But is of the ages.

Compared with it
What is the momentary laughter of blossoms?
Ten times ten-thousand springtimes
May pass by,
Leaving no mark upon its quiet features,
No imprint on its forehead;
Above, beyond—
Upon the wind it treads,
A shadow of the Eternal.

The Wasp-News Letter.

Mabel W. Phillips.

IN MEMORIAM.

A shaft of white against an azure sky,
Simplicity in thought, in grandeur high,
To honor him on whom must honor rest,
For freedom won through sacrifice and gest.

The Wasp-News Letter.

John Harsen Rhoades.

March 21, 1931.

BOUSY BILLY'S SAGA.

"Ghosts o' sailors are a restless set,"
Old Bousy Billy said:
"A' coming back aboard o' ships,
Long after they are dead.
With their eyes a' starin' open;
You'd think their shadows real;
A' slouchin' 'round the decks o' nights,
Waitin' to take the wheel.

"The Silent Swede was a shipmate,
In a brigatine with me;
He died natural in his bunk,
About ten days out to sea.
We roll'd him in his oilskins,
With rope-yarns all shor'd fast;
We laid him over the lee rail,
With his head toward a mast.

The skipper was religious like;
We hove the old ship to,
And gathered the men to looard,
To last one o' the crew.
He read something 'bout 'dust to dust,'
Out o' a gilded book,
'N said, 'Now shift him overboard,
' 'Tis disrespect to look.'

"One night the Swede comes driftin' back,
With broad hands o'er the rail;
His oilskins dryer 'n a bone;
His face a wrackish pale.
He shuffled aft and took the wheel,
Relievin' me o' my trick;
He let her fall into the trough,
'N roll'd out every stick.

"Ay, you can't trust them queer shadows,
That don't know when to quit,
'N want to steer, 'n heave 'n haul,
'N let the old sails split.
'N foulin' up the runnin' gear,
When comin' back to help;
Instead o' that, they should sleep on,
Down in their beds o' kelp."

The Wasp-News Letter.
Feb. 7, 1931.

William Anderson.

THE TRAIL AHEAD.

When things go wrong I just keep on going,
And think of the trail ahead.
It rained today but will shine tomorrow,
For the sun as it set shone red.
The trail ahead leads up to a mountain
With all my mistakes below,
A river flows through a rocky canyon
And on it unkind things go.
The trail ahead opens on a vista
Of life, beauty and love,
And I rejoice, for my soul is joyful
As I look from the heights above.
From where I stand I can hear them singing;
I laugh, for they are not dead.
They are all there and they seem to beckon me
On to the trail ahead.
You need a guide, there is one there waiting
Who broke out that trail for you.
You need a guide, never mind rough places,
For He will carry you through.
So put your hand in the hand that loves you—
A hand that has always led.
He cannot fail, He will surely lead you
To the end—of The Trail Ahead.

The War Cry.
Aug. 15, 1931.

John de Witt.

BROTHER, I STAND ALONE.

THE TOWNSMAN.

You whom the land has broken,
Wearied your soul and bent
With maladroitness ease your manhood,
Leaving you sorry and spent:

When at the Great Re-dealing
Fates are given anew,
Pray that a sheltered leisure
May be assigned to you;
Fame and fortune, and servants
To work for you all your years,
Ease that a farmer knows not
Whose only reward is tears.

THE SETTLER.

Brother, I ask of no man!
Great is the peace of my soul,
Splendid the joy life gave me,
Worth all that I paid in toll:

House I built with my sinews,
Grain I grew with my hands,
Zest for a fight worth winning,
Verdure on new-cleared lands,
Not for Ease would I forfeit
The Freedom and Pride I own,
I used the strength God gave me,
Brother, I stand alone!

The Vancouver (B. C.) Star.

H. Glynn-Ward.

MOONLIGHT ON THE YANGSTE KIANG.

When it's moonlight on the Yangste Kiang River
And the stars are riding low in eastern skies,
Paths of silver thread their way across the water
Where the colored beams of countless lanterns rise;
Comes a muffled sound of voices rising, falling,
Too, the strangely strident call of reed to reeds,
From the shadowed junks that move upon the surface
Like the floating fronds of giant water-weeds.

Silhouetted for a moment's space in passing
Three uprooted cypress trees reach out from shore,
Topping the slant roofs of the swaying houseboats
Freighted with flowers for distant Singapore;
Until at last the earth seems drowned in splendor,
In the tides of light that dim all else beside,
As the Yangste Kiang wends its way to Canton
In the trailing robes that might adorn a bride.

The Wasp-News Letter.
Feb. 2, 1931.

Mabel W. Phillips.

SONG OF THE RAW RECRUITS.

We've taken the King's shilling;
Let in for a bally row.
We're sailing toward the sun,
'Gainst them of the sacred cow.

We'll roar out in the tropics,
Now the war has just begun.
The holy true believer,
Can't use rock-salt in his gun.

They've mutined 'gainst their mother,
And our guns are prim'd to pop.
Out there us balmy Tommies,
Sure will loot the native shop.

We may get chills and fever,
In the jungles 'neath the hills,
But lead in sausage casings,
Are the true believers' pills.

And we will snipe the women,
And the chokra's too, we'll shoot.
We'll pluck the holy ibis,
And milk sacred cows to boot.

We've bluid our silver shilling,
On our way toward the sun.
But we'll sack the Hindu shops,
And drink every drop o' rum.

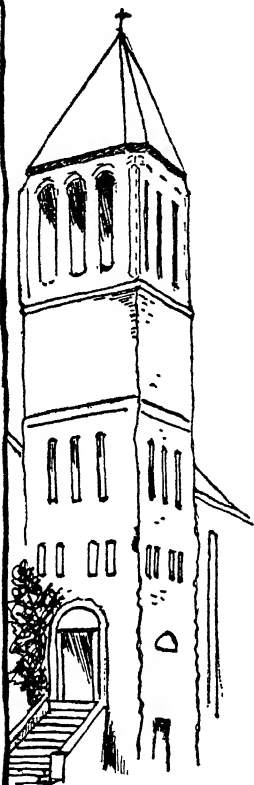
When the bloomin' row's over,
We'll have tiffin on the green.
We'll then go back to Blighty,
With our pictures on the screen.

We'll give back the King's shilling;
And his shabby screw o' clothes.
When forts are made o' temples,
It will not be us that goes.

The Wasp-News Letter.
April 18, 1931.

William Anderson.

The Chimes of Saint Luke.



Oft of a summer evening,
On the breezes fair in Dubuque,
I hear the strain of sweet music
That peal from the chimes of
St. Luke.

For life's like the mighty river
That is swiftly hurrying by,
And a voice speaks of the giver
In the chimes that peal from
on high.

Men in their pursuit of pleasure
May pause in the rush of life's
ways
To hear the chimes that are
pealing
Sweet music of worship and
praise.

Their strains float out to the
"jungles,"
Where gathered around a fire
Some roamer may dream of his
mother
When she sang these songs in
the choir.

Their strains waft out to the
highway
Far out on the ways of men,
Who are going along a roadway
That some never will travel
again.

And somehow the soul of the
donor
Is a part of the soul of
Dubuque,
As the music dies in the distance
From the choral chimes of St.
Luke.

TRAVATO.

Is it but the idle fancy
Of some mocking necromancy
That together, leaf and blossom,
By the Indus once we grew,
And that Hafiz came or Omar,
To imprison the aroma
In some half remembered measure
Which has rhythmized me to you?

Is it false, or is it real
That in ages more ideal
I was song and you were Sappho,
You the sunbeam, I the dew?
For I long have felt the burgeon,
Of a passion vague and virgin,
Which has quickened to remembrance
Of a former life we knew.

Was I stream when you were willow?
Was I shell when you were billow?
For your voice has ever echoed
Through the hushes of my heart;
And it seems, as I behold you
That the very air foretold you
By the fragrance, which in welcome,
All the budding boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you,
And the fate which long denied you
Yields in recompense a dearer
Incarnation than my dream,
What I sought to what you are, love,
Was as twilight to the star, love,
As the languor is to summer,
As the murmur to the stream.

And since age on age has perished,
But to bring the soul I cherished,
Wherein thought and feeling blended
Are as petal and perfume,
Let us linger here forever,
Where the pride of all endeavor
Is a fever which to passion
Is as glamour unto gloom.

Yet if fate reserves its malice
But to break the lifted chalice,
Let me mingle with the elements
Where once I was a part;
Then on some supernal morning,
Which your beauty is adorning,
As a dewdrop in a lily,
I may nestle in your heart.

The Wasp-News Letter.
March 7, 1931.

R. T.

SUNLIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

When the sunlight wakens the valley,
And the great hills crimson with dawn,
And meadowlarks sing in the sagebrush,
And the night winds sigh—and are gone . . .
When the wild peach reddens with laughter,
And skies paint the lupine blue . . .
Oh, life is sweet in the valley
And I, my love, love you!

When the sunlight fades in the valley,
And there comes the moan of the dove . . .
And the old brown owl of the mesa
Is mourning the death of love . . .
When the shadows purple the mountain,
And white stars kindle the sky . . .
Oh, then I creep to the hillside
And wish that I might die!

The Wasp-News Letter.
June 6, 1931.

Claire Cave Wilson.

GOLD CLOTH.

Memories
Are woven from threads
Of spent
Sorrow.

Hope,
That keeps on singing,
Is spun from
Tomorrow.

The Williamsport Sun.
"Attic Salt," Feb. 28, 1931.

Gertie Stewart Phillips.

OLD CLAY PETERS.

Old Clay Peters
Had religion, and a farm,
Five lanky boys,
And neuritis in his arm.
He was a thoughtful husband ;
He never forgot
How hard a woman's work is—
Like as not
The fire should be mended,
Or potatoes peeled,
And by dinnertime the boys could
Finish up the field.
Old Clay Peters
Said dancing was a sin,
And a car a contraption
That the devil rode in.
When old Clay Peters
Was young Clay, he
Never had a Sunday suit,
No, siree!
A clean pair o' overhauls
Was what he wore,
And like as not
That pair was tore!
Who needed schoolin' ?
When did he go
To college to learn
To plow and sow ?
Keepin' up the interest
On a run-down farm
Was a job for a man
With neuritis in his arm ;
But he never worried,
And when he died,
His last words were,
"The Lord will provide."

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," July 27, 1931.

Phyllis B. Morden.

HILL JUDGMENT.

She seemed a pale Madonna set beside them—

Those stout "homesteadin'" women on raw lands,
Yet she drudged too, and never did deride them

Because work would not tarnish her white hands.
Her strangest trait was a soft wordless kindness

To Tim, who'd come home drunk and bent on strife—
Her lips had Spartan silence, her eyes blindness,
About his faults . . . a queerish sort of wife!

But for that scented letter laid away

Among her attic keepsakes—"Dear, to him
We must be true!" it read, they couldn't say

They'd thought her bad. Now, loose tongues pity Tim:
Her virginal, shy passion for another—
"Who was, what's worse, his own sea-rovin' brother!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Jo Hartman.

"*Attic Salt*," Oct. 5, 1931.

ROMANCE.

That brilliant red,

That stream of fire we noticed in the skies

In the first dawn

After you said,

"I love you," will be gone,

Forgotten long before the other dies:

The sun-flash in your eyes

The day you said,

"I have my jewels to pawn,

We shall have this and that to live upon—

We shall have bread."

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Frederic Cover.

"*Attic Salt*," June 27, 1931.

HORSES! HORSES!

This old world has not grown decadent;

Why spend useless hours in remorse?

There's just as much horse-sense as ever

And it's still all possessed by the horse.

The Williamsport Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

"*Attic Salt*," Feb. 28, 1931.

IN CHINATOWN.

In Chinatown where lights burn low
And yellow shadows come and go,
 A tongman moves on shambling feet
 And smokes his pipe in dark retreat,
Where plotters hide and rumors grow.

The seeds of hate the tongmen sow,
Where dance the girls on nimble toe
 And smuggler and the hop-head meet
 In Chinatown.
On narrow streets the night winds blow
The scent of dope—of hidden “snow”—
 The cop is moving on his beat
 In uniform pressed clean and neat—
There are some things he should not know,
 In Chinatown.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
“*Attic Salt*,” Dec. 13, 1930.

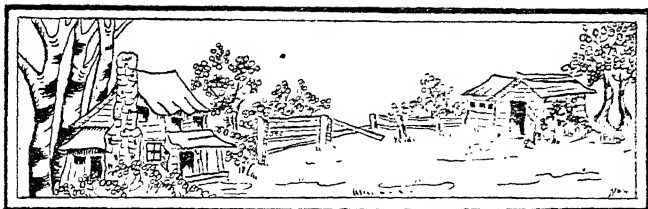
William Allen Ward.

LOVER'S LANE, SITKA, ALASKA.

Above, the branches of the spruce trees meet
 Like friendly hands, and all along the way
 A lane of fragrant, spicy needles lay,
Where Youth's expectant dreams coax questing feet;
The tireless sun sifts through the open spaces,
 To fleck the shadowed aisles with jade and gold,
 Turns mossy logs to amber wealth untold,
And tangled ferns to dainty, fairy laces.

To hearts that dream, a magic road is dear,
 And long ago in Sitka, by the sea,
 Love kept a tryst with youth; love's rhapsody
A chieftain whispered to his lady here;
 Dim specters have been seen beneath the trees,
 The whispers heard, with every passing breeze.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Emma Putman Bancroft.*
“*Attic Salt*,” Mar. 28, 1931.



NO MORE.

There will always be white birches in the moonlight
 And warmth of sun on oak and maple tree,
 But from the ancient house no lights are shining
 And no one at the threshold welcomes me.

No dog sleeps on the porch by green vines shaded,
 No horses pound the barn floor with their load.
 The chore-boy shouts no longer to his cattle,
 The Master knows no more the fields he sowed.

The Mistress stands no longer in the door-yard
 And calls the workers to the noon-day meal;
 No answering shout comes from the lusty toilers,
 No more the bandied joke and homely weal.

There will always be white birches in the moonlight
 And warmth of sun on oak and maple trees,
 And gray mist through the rain-washed woods and val-
 leys,
 With scent of pine, and then but memories.



The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," October 5, 1931.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

MONTHLY CALENDAR FOR 1931.

JANUARY.

Long pointed icicles—row upon row,
Hedges and fences all covered with snow:
Northwind is blowing and naked limbs sway,
Home's a fine place on a midwinter day.

Harlow's Weekly.

Helen McMahan.

Jan. 3, 1931.

FEBRUARY.

The sunlight sings
Behind the wall,
Where no wind is blowing.
The still grass wakes
To the sudden call,
The young grass is growing.

The tall tree shakes
At the top of the hill,
Where the North wind is sighing.
The young garee laughs
As young things will,
Though the North wind is dying.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times.

Florida Watts Smyth.

"Whispers," March 4, 1931.

MARCH.

The trees in the wood are hushed—expectant—
Like audience in a theatre,
Bending eagerly, breathlessly forward
As Winter's curtain slowly rises,
To catch the first glimpse
Of the Dancer—Spring!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Olga Marie Flohr.

"Attic Salt," March 28, 1931.

APRIL.

Deck her in plum—the bloom that lightly reigns!
Mate her to oak, with rapture in his veins!
For she is April—April, the world to wake
Though every door in Christendom should break!
Daughter of ardent wing and changing sky,
She is of sap to quicken any eye!
Fickle April—April, the gay and sad,
Born of such stuff even her tears are glad!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

April 7, 1931.

EASTER.

Once more 'tis Easter and the earth
Resumes her living way.
The flowerets bloom, the grass grows green
To greet the happy day,
When Christ the firstborn of the race
Arose from out the tomb
And conquered Death, the mighty one,
To save men from its doom.

And as the flowerets bloom again,
After their darksome sleep,
So do the souls of all mankind
Arise, and vigil keep.
Our risen Lord claims for His own
All souls for whom He paid
The utmost price. His life and death
A path to heaven made.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News. Phoebe A. Naylor.
April 4, 1931.

MAY GLIDES INTO JUNE.

May is a maiden with a light heart, singing,
Dancing, laughing in an untaught vein;
Flooding all the fields with her warmth, and flinging
Incense following the April rain.

Easy on the eyes are the tints that tally
With the sunbright visage and her wind-blown hair;
Pearls round her neck, and lilies-of-the-valley
Broidering the mantle that she loves to wear.

Time's on the wing, and the May days glorious
Fade 'neath the fervor of the sun's high noon.
Fade? Nay, nay, nay; it is just one story as
The May maid ripens to the matron June.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. W. A. Taylor.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The drums are muffled, the tread is soft,
The files are silent as phantoms march
No saber's rattle, no caisson's creak
As Valor's hosts walk Glory's arch.

With colors flying, stained and dim,
But bearers eager in their stride,
This is the day they longed to see—
This is the day they were denied.

Up from their graves the spectres come;
Into parade, erect, serene.
Sadness away. To-day is theirs
Heroes are home—unsung, unseen.

Honor to them as they tramp along!
Fresh in our hearts their memory keep,
For taps will sound with the fading sun
To summon them back to eternal sleep.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times. William R. KeEVERS.

JUNE.

A murmuring river, crystal clear
Speckled trout playing near,
Granite boulders draped in spray,
Radiant June kneels down to pray.

June, so beautiful and fair,
Is wearing cherries in her hair.

The Wasp-News Letter.
June 6, 1931.

Stella Flowers Hastings.

FOR JULY DAYS.

Who is there, then, who dares to sing—
Oh, who is there who cares to sing
A carol for July?
The whole world chants of April days,
The soft romance of budding Mays
And June's unclouded sky!

Is there no little tender dream
For July days—no slender theme
On which to build a song?
Has all of happiness gone past?
Alas, that spring rides by so fast
And takes all hearts along!

Not long is hope deterred by fears—
A solitary bird appears
Perched on my maple bough;
This little lonely bird and I
Who let spring's loveliness go by,
Will sing for summer now.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

AUGUST IN KENTUCKY.

Bees abuzzin',
Insects hummin',
Flowers anoddin';
All are sleepin'
In ole August.

Niggers drowsy,
Work ashirkin',
Air caressin'
Sleep bestowin'
In ole August.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Irene Davis Grueninger.

SEPTEMBER.

September—and a longer shadow falls
From slanted sunbeams; and the blue jay calls
Insistently. The purple-fruited vines
Show age-brown leaves while all the mystic signs
That herald Autumn's coming now appear.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Ruth Winslow Gordon.*
"Attic Salt," Oct. 5, 1931.

OCTOBER.

October is a naughty boy
Who with a mad desire
Races over hills and fields
To set the trees on fire.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. *Virginia Eaton.*
"Whispers," March 7, 1931.

NOVEMBER.

Along the streets that I must go,
Or suburb way; wherever is
A tree, or space for sunset glow,
The heart-red tinge that does appear
At every turn—November's kiss,
Fills me with glory of the year.

And I have memory of those
To whom November gave a bliss
More sweet than any Autumn's Rose
Of Peace that blossomed with solemn cheer
Above a burned-out wantonness,
Filling with Glory all the year.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Donald McNeely.*
Nov. 15, 1931.

THANKSGIVING.

Surge upon surge, like the waves of a mighty sea,
From north to south, from east to west, the full tide
sweeps to Thee.

Hark, as the millioned voices rise and fall on the crest!
This is her children's answer unto her Chief's behest;
Never a lip shall falter, never a heart shall fail,
When America calls her children, calls from her altar rail.
Her eyes grow wide and tender, as memory fills her breast,
And leads her spirit back again, back to a far-off quest,
Back to an unknown country, back to a rock-bound coast,
Back to a storm-tossed vessel, back to a pilgrim host,
Back to their first Thanksgiving, ah, God, the then and
now.

How richly God has blessed her, how laden is her prow.
Hush, for the tide has reached her, reached her very
heart.

Humbly she kneels to offer her own, her children's part.
Surge upon surge, on the breast of a mighty sea,
The soul of America gives Thanksgiving unto Thee.

*The Newark (N. J.) Evening News. Erene Angleman.
Nov. 25, 1931.*

DECEMBER.

December
Is an old man,
The last of twelve brothers,
Who sits on the shore of eternity.
Waiting in silence for the end.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times. William Allen Ward.
"The Poet's Corner," Dec. 1, 1931.*

CHRISTMAS WILL SEND YOU HOME.

All through the year you may wander, but Christmas will
send you home
Where the logs are piled for the hearth where the Yule
fires burn.
When the holly that hangs in the window is brought from
the mountain loam
You will think of the ones who are watching for your
return.

Though you may stand on the rim of the world, away
from the beaten track
Lost to the date and the season, forgetful of Christmas
day;
The odor of pine or the chime of a bell will suddenly take
you back
To a tree that was laden with Christmas gifts and the
bells of a passing sleigh.

Christmas is more than a tinsel star festooned by gilded
strings;
More than an altar for costly gifts where the best of
it all lies slain.
'Tis the voice of a friend, the clasp of a hand or the
knowledge of love that brings
The ones most dear from the scattering paths, guiding
them home again.

The Deseret News.
Dec. 24, 1931.

Edith Cherrington.

WILD GEESE.

Chill winds, and dampening fogs on high,
Keen fitful gusts, that from the northward sweep
Blowing the mould'ring leaves into a dank wet heap;
Borne on the air is heard a honking cry,
As dimly through the mist the wild geese fly
Across the dreary wastes and boundless deep,
Or near the shore, where angry billows leap,
Yet ever on and onward wheeling by:
Through visionary moonlight they pursue
A path that leads again to pastures bright;
No beacon throws to them a welcome light
The while they bravely steer with compass true;
Yet fearlessly through clouds of darkest gray,
Unwearying they wing their homeward way.

The Stockton (Calif.) Independent. E. Lisette Herrling.
Oct. 16, 1931.

1932.

Up, O World, I am coming, coming with hope and youth,
Coming to bring you courage, courage, and faith, and
truth,

Coming to cut the fetters, the tangles from your way,
Coming to lead you forward into a brighter day.

Up, for a task awaits us, a goal that we must win
Ere the bells of time shall usher another New Year in.
Your children are worn with battle, troubled and sore dis-
trest.

Give them again the solace, the comfort of your breast,
Put the strength of your shoulder against the rusted wheel,
Loosen the block of labor till work shall come to heal
The canker of unemployment, till in my greening earth,
The blossoming of my springtime, man shall recover
mirth.

Up, nor fear the travail. Go forward till you find
On the highest mount how small the hills you have left
behind.

*The Newark (N. J.) Evening News. Erene Angleman.
Dec. 31, 1931.*

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